



mouth
note

08

William Jennings
Susan Briggs.
Charles T. Sherman.
Harriet J. Cables.
Mary M. C. McCullough.
Frederic T. Russell.
Frederic W. Jennings.
Calista C. Cables.
Emily Jennings
Frank Barker.
Benj. F. Card.
Charles B. Wood.
George C. Briggs.
Elisha H. H. H.

Daniel Tourtellot Merchant at Nixonton N Carolina in
the Pasquotank County



401-B

Quincy — "Earth and Man."
H. Martineau's — "Eastern Life."
satira.

"The World opens, as you drive the Wedge"
" " " " " " Feb 1st 56. Bridgewater

for tisiane

arranging

fractum

Julia

1854

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Feb

1854

1

Feb. 1st - Wednesday. I intended to commence this the first of the year - but circumstances have prevented. I can't realize where the past month has gone - it is so like a dream. Ah! will this be the record of the coming months? I dare not trust myself to answer. - Poor Mother's health continues feeble - If she was only well - my course of action would soon be determined upon - but now everything wears an uncertain aspect - nothing seems definite. My studies, reading &c. proceed without any regulation whatever. I like not this method but there seems no help for it at present.

I have commenced reading Milton - I must say that it surpassed any poetry I have yet read - in sublimity & grandeur. I love it - may - revel in it. I think there is a resemblance between Milton & Byron. But Milton is more terribly sublime - perhaps it is partly owing to the subject - but he is certainly more elevated & his grandeur is longer sustained than Byron's. Oh - I would like to read from morn. till night -

Feb. 4th Saturday night - I expected Father some tonight - but he has not come yet - It is now nearly nine - still there is time for him yet. Mother is not very well - she has exerted herself too much - been trying to spin &c. - I am afraid it will make her worse - but I cannot keep her from it.

I have been lonely for the last few days - unusually so - I cannot tell why - I am reading Milton yet -

It is truly a wonderful book - I cannot bear to lay it down - It impresses me more strongly than any other poetry I ever read - even the language haunts my memory -

Mr. Bickerton called here yesterday - He seems to be prejudiced against Mr. Anderson. How my part I should like to know more about him - he interests me strongly. Sometimes I am tempted to accept his invitation & become a contributor - but I dare not - as yet - If there was any other mode of conveyance - than by Jackson I think I should try at least - but as it is I have not courage - Oh - fuss - I wish I possessed more real independence.

Feb. 5th. Sunday eve. A snow storm in earnest — Father has not come — if the storm continues — I guess he will want to be at home.

We have had callers today — a sign (they say) of a continuance of the blessing through the week. H. brought the paper — I & before he left Mary R. came in on her from meeting. I should think from her appearance & conversation that she would preach soon — I could not help laughing.

Feb. 6th Monday — Father arrived about one. I am so glad to have him at home again. But he is going back tomorrow — he likes his new situation very well — for that I am thankful. Mother is as well as usual. I cannot stop longer.

8th Wednesday. Well — my Sunday's prophecy proved true. Company all the week — last night — John, R. & the children came. Father started for Cape River in the afternoon — arrived at the depot ten minutes too late — he then went to S. S. to stay all night — I found her gone — so he was obliged to come away home — when he got here — he found that A. was in advance of him. J. has gone home this afternoon — It is raining with a will.

Feb. 9th Thursday night — Father started again this morning — this time I guess he has succeeded — as he has not returned. H. brought the paper. I spent evening. I am glad A. is here — I wish she could stay two or three weeks. Oh! Nellie is so interesting. I love that child. Mother about the same.

11th Saturday night. Another practical specimen of A. S. foibles. Yesterday afternoon she sent a letter by Jackson — Not content with that she wrote for me to send the parcel by him this morning — this I did not mean to do — I was not going to run after him — but this morning he called for it — she told him so, it seems — I let him have it — thought — I wanted to make some additions to it — Thus, on her — I say — I wonder what she'll continue to do next — I am impatient to know.

Father has discovered my new paper - he seems pleased
Last night - Phoebe D. came - this eve - Lucy
called - I was silent as usual - "I guess

Martha won't call on me again very soon - for last
Wednesday after school - she came on purpose - to stay all
night - she did not stay however - for we were
overstocked - I suppose she will be forever
affronted - & to tell the truth - I don't care

12th Sunday eve " Alone again - they are
all gone - how much I miss them. But
perhaps it is best as it is - for the unusual
stir was too much for Mother - I am now
more than ever, convinced that it would never do
for her to go to A. S. I wish I had a
more determined spirit. I should not be
occupying this inferior position - if I had, I would
only myself - but how much I might benefit
my parents - if I only possessed the one thing
needful - energy.

16th Saturday night " What - can be the reason
I have not letter from H. I am so impatient
to hear. This morning I put H's parcel on the
wall - as she told me - but I guess J. forgot -
It disturbed Mother badly. " & another
event occurred today, viz, a visit from 'Carl'
it was perfectly unexpected - for I did not know
that he had come. But I was so glad to
see him - I have the same deep interest in him
as ever - He is as dear as a brother could be,
& yet we seldom meet. " " He has promised to
lend me Homer's Iliad. He is delighted with it.

He is studying Latin - Geometry & Astronomy.
Oh how I wish I was his schoolmate now.
I wish I am destined to creep through the
warden. Ah well - perhaps I shall arrive some-
where at last.

Sunday eve " This forenoon - Wm S. brought
a parcel from H. He told me that -
Mr. Spauld had resigned - & is going to
Wisconsin to live. When I heard it - I
felt as though I had received a blow,
for I have cherished the hope - to be again
his pupil. But now it cannot be -
So - there a spirit magnetism that attracts congenial

natures & I believe there is. " Old associations
are weaving their spells about me, & I have no
power to dispel them, — they haunt me like a
dream. Oh, the golden beauty of the Past —
how it deepens & flashes in the distance. But
gone — gone forever — rings in mocking accents on my ear,
But of this no more.

I have letters from dear H., together with a
book (Alexander Smith's Poems) It has completely
entranced me — I never read anything more
strikingly original both in language & comparison.
There is a haunting tone in it, & then it
comes so home to me — my own thoughts &
feelings arrayed in his glorious language.
I cannot let the book go, without making
some extracts from it.

Extracts — from — "A Life Drama"
Walter — — For Poesy my heart & pulses beat,
" My soul is followed

By strong ambition to out-roll a lay,
Whose melody shall haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way.
" Soliloquy "

Oh, that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight. " "

I love thee Poesy! Thou art a rock;
I, a weak wave — would break on thee & die!
There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart — & feeble hands; —
A heart to bear his name out upon time,
As on a rock, then in immortality
To stand on time as on a pedestal;
When hearts beat to this tune, & hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quenched in tears;
The tears of impotence & self-contempt.
" I cannot give even glimpses, so divine
As when, upon a packing night, the wind
Draws the pale curtains off the vapory clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with starlike pulses. Laugh for me
But to creep quietly into my grave;
Or calm & tame the swelling of my heart
With this foul lie, painted as sweet as truth —

That "great-^{and} ~~de~~ small, weakness & strength are naught,
That each thing being equal in its sphere,
The day-night-glow-worm with its emerald lamp -
Is worthy as the mighty moon, that arouses
Continents in her white & silent-light."

m Sorrowful moon! seeming so crowned in awe,
 A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left -
 Unkingdomed & a widow, while the priests,
 Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
 Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief?
 Ah then have loved thee for thy beauty, moon!
 Adam has turned from Eve's fair face to thine
 And drank thy beauty with his serene eyes,
Like the star Right - I so broaden on the skies of fame!
 " Oh - Fame! Fame! Fame! next grandest word to God.

Lady - " " " " Better for man -
 Have he & Nature more familiar friends!
 His part is worse that touches this base world,
 Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
 Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
 Is gross with sand,

Lady, reading - Life is transfigured in the soft & tender
Light of Love, as a volume dark
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendor
In the declining sun.

Off- is he startled on the sweetest lip;
Across his midnight-sea of mind
A thought- comes streaming like a blazing ship
Upon a mighty wind.

A Terror & a Glory! Shocked with light-
 Her boundless being glares aghast;
 Then slowly settles down the wonted night-
 All desolate & vast—

Daisies are white upon the church-yard sod,
Sweet-tears the clouds lean down & give,
This world is very lovely, O my God,
I thank thee that I live!

Ringed with his flaming guard, of many kinds
The proud sun stoops his golden head
Gray Eve sobs crazed with grief; to her the winds

Shriek out, "The Day is dead",

While some are trembling over the poison cup,
While some grow faint with care, some weep —
In this luxurious faith I wrap me up,
As in a robe I sleep.

(And as not poets grow thro' feverous)
(Till they are cooled with laurels?)

Sadly (as thou) Haunter of old rooms,
Sitting the silent-lorn of stars to watch
Thou own thought — passing in beauty, like
An earnest mother watching the first smile
Dawning upon her sleeping infant's face,
Until she cannot see it for her tears? —
And when the lark, the laureate of the sun,
Doth climb the east, eager to celebrate
His monarch's rising — goeth pale to bed?
Galleys... Books, written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a growing sky —
Before a thunder-storm, are power & gladness,
And majesty & beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship & beat him on
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands
On which a god's great wealth lies all in heaps
Like a wrecked argosy. What power in books?
They mingle gloom & splendor, as I've oft —
In thunderous sunsets, seen the thunder files
Seamed with dull fire & fiercest glory put,
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood
In presence of a king.
"How few read books" right! Most souls are shut —
By sense, from grandeur, as a man who snores
Night-capped & wrapped in blankets to the nose,
Is shut out from the night, which, like a sea,
Breaketh forever on a strand of stars.

Poetry is.
The grandest-chariot — wherein king-thoughts ride,
A Poet's hand shall ride
— — — As the lake.

Reflects the flower, tree, rock, & bending heaven,
Shall he reflect our great humanity?
And as the young Spring breathes with living breath

On a dead branch, life re-sprouts fragrantly -
Green leaves & sunny flowers, shall he breathe life
Through every theme he touches, making all Beauty
And Poetry forever like the stars;
Hallett's Song

In the street, the tide of being, how it surges, how it rolls!
God! what base ignoble faces! God! what bodies wanting souls!
Mid this stream of human being, banked by houses sate & grim,
Pale I stand this shining marrow, with a part-for woodlands dim,
To hear the soft & whispering rain, feel the dewy cool of leaves
Watch the lightnings dash-like mallow, round the brooding thunders
Hand "with forehead" batted in sunset - on a mountain's summer crown
And look up & catch the shadow of the great night-coming down;
Soul, alas! is unguarded; "Brother" it is closely shut -
He unknown as royal Alfred in the Saxon near-hard's bud -
In the dark house of the Body-looking virtual, lighting fires,
Swelling on the starry stranger, to our nature's base desires,
From its lips is't any marvel that no revelations come -?
We have wronged it - we do wrong it - 'tis majestically dumb!
God! our souls are aproned waiters! God! our souls are hired slaves
Let us hide from Life - my Brothers! let us hide us in our graves
Oh, why stain our holy childhoods -? why sell all for meat & drink?
Lie not like a mourner, "Brother!" by the grave of that dear Past -
Throw the Present - 'tis thy servant only when 'tis overcast -
Gain battle to the leagued world, if thou'rt worthy, truly brave
Thou shalt make the hardest Circumstance a helper or a slave,
"What martial music is to marching men
Should Song be to Humanity -"

Hallett musing,

Sunset is burning like the seal of God
Upon the close of day, - 'tis very hour
Night mounts her chariot in the eastern glooms
To chase the flying sun - whose flight has left
Footprints of glory in the clouded west -
Swift is she hailed by bright-winged swimming stars
Whose clouded manes are wet with heavy dew,
And dew is drizzling from her chariot-wheels.
Soft in her lap lies drowsy-budded Sleep -
Brainful of dreams, as summer time with leaf;
And round her in the pale & spectral light
Flock bats & grisly owls on noiseless wings,
The flying sun goes down the burning west -
Past night comes noisier up the eastern slope -
And so the eternal chase goes round the world,

Many rich draughts hath memory,
The South's cup-bearer brought to me...
"Watch" will "thy heart"!

It is nothing, an eager shaking star
Not a calm steady planet,
" " " " " " " " " " " "
Crater " " " " " " " " " " " "
And he who sneers at any living hope
Or aspiration of a human heart
Is just so many stages less than Good.

Edward, Spirited calm & still
 Are high above your order, as the stars
 Lie large & tranquil over the restless clouds
 That sweep & lighten, fill the earth with hail,
 And fling themselves away. The truly great—
 Rest in a knowledge of their own deeds,
 Nor seek the confirmation of ^{the} world.
 Should we then be calm & still?

I'd be as lieve
A minnow to Leviathan that draws
A furrow like a ship, Away! away!
Thou'd make the world a very oyster-bed,
I'd rather be the glad bright-leaping foam,
Than the smooth sluggish sea, I'd be - one live
To love & flush & thrill — or be - one die
thaler, " " the bridegroom sea.

The bridegroom said
 As toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
 He decorates his tawny brow with Shells
 Bestows a space to see how fair she looks,
 Then proud runs up to kiss her
 Yet - more I love

Edward,

Galus,

Ch.

Walter's story!

21

Alchemist Memory turns the base to gold,

While — the sun
Reached the ^{red} west where all the waiting clouds
Stood before in homely dun & grey —
Like Parables that dress themselves in smiles
To feed a great man's eye — in haste put on
Their purple mantles lined with ragged gold
And congregating in a shining crowd,
Flattered the pinking orb, with faces bright,
"Put 'above' his head,"
Up there upon the still & silent mighty night
God's name was writ — in words,
" " "Father" — he said
"I wished to loose some music o'er thy world,
To strike from ^{its} some firm seat — some hoary wrong,
And then to die in autumn, with the flowers,
And leaves, & sunshine, I have loved so well,
" " "Alas! the youth
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart —
As to live quiet days,

A man can bear
A world's contempt — when he has that within
Which says he's worthy — when he contemns himself
There burns the hell,

Violet

See the moon

(Waller)

She's stranded on the palled coast of morn.
The road & "wrote" together, "slept" together;
The dwell — on sloops against the morning sun,
The dwell — in crowded streets — I loved to walk
When labor slept; for, in the ghastly dawn
The wildered city seemed a demon's brain
The children of the night, its evil thoughts
Sometimes we sat whole afternoons, & watched
The sunset — build a city frail as dream
With bridges, streets of splendor, towers; and saw
The fabric crumble into rosy ruins,
And then grow grey as heather. But our chief joy
But — our chief joy — was to
Was to draw images from every thing
And images lay thick upon our talk,
As shells upon a sea shore,

W.

The sun is dying like a cloven king
In his own blood; & while the distant moon
Looks a pale prophetess whom he has wronged
Leans eager forward with most hungry eyes

Scattering him dead to death - & as he faints
She brightens & dilates; revenge complete,
She walks in lonely triumph through the night,
"With words like colors"
I'll limn them on the canvas of your sense,

M. Stay ye are golden voiced clarions
To high aspiring & heroic dooms,
Brought as I look up unto ye, Stay!
I feel my soul rise to its destiny,
Like a strong eagle to its airy soaring,
Who thinks of weakness underneath ye - Stay?
A hum shall be on earth, a name be heard
An epitaph shall look up proud to God &
Stay! read & listen, it may not be long,

(Kale) "This - a thick rich-hazed, sumptuous autumn night;
The moon grows like a white flower in the sky;
The stars are dim."

H. God is a "worker", "He" has thickly sown
Infinity with grandeur. God is love;
He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
And all the world shall summer in his smile.
Why work I not?

H. I have a heart to dare
And spirit - shew to work my daring out -;
I'll cleave the world as a swimmer cleaves the sea
Breaking the sleek green billow into foam, froth,
With titling full-blown chest, & scattering
With scornful breath the kissing flattering foam,
That leaps & dallies with his dripping lip -
Should - distant - from I - World! I hear thee not,
Thou's no pale fringes of thy fire's tongue -
Around the large horizon. But, I - World!
I have thee in my powers & as a man
By some mysterious influence can sway
Another's mind - making him laugh & weep -
Shudder or thrill - such power have I on thee;
Much have I suffered, both from thee & thine;
Thou shalt not scape me, World! I'll make thee weep,
I'll make my lone thought - cross thee like a spirit,
And blanch thy bragging - cheeks, lift up thy hair,
And make thy great knees tremble; I will send
Across thy soul dark herds of demon dreams,

And make thee tot & moan in troubled sleep;
And, waking I will fill thy forlorn heart
With pure & happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing birds, I come from far,
I'll put myself, O World! a while on thee;
And half in earnest - half in jest - I'll cut
My name upon thee, pass the arch of Death
Then on a stair of stars go up to God.

Memories dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in gloom, like naiads in the well;
And some are sweet, & sadder some than death,
Sadness was joy.

Of but - another sort -

*Viola - ready
on the fountain*

Nature cares not
Although her loveliness should ne'er be seen
By human eyes, nor praised by human tongues,
The cataract exults among the hills,
And wears its crown of rainbow all alone,
Alas for man!

Unless his fellow can behold his end,
He cares not to be great,

W

I love to sit

And hear the pattering footsteps of the shower,

Viola - sings

The wondrous ages pass like pushing waves,
Each crowned with its own foam. *Of some*
Bards die

Hangs like a pallid meteor o'er their graves.

Religious change I come & go like flame

Great duties are before me & great songs
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done -

I never gaze

Upon the evening but a tide of awe,

And love, I wonder, from the Infinite

Swells up within me, as the running wine

From the smooth-glistening wide-leaving sea,

Grows in the cruck & channels of a stream

Until it reaches its banks, It is not joy

Is sadness more divine.

Quick Watchings - Why, even I,

Sitting in this bare chamber with my thoughts

Am richer than ye all.

Beauty I've seen

In the sweet eyes of flowerets, along the stream

And in the cold & crystal wiles that sleep

Far in the murmur of the summer woods,
 "I cannot deem why men so toil for Glory,
 A porter is a porter though his load
 Be the oced world, & although his road
 Be down the ages. What is in a name?
 Ah! 'tis our spirit's curse to strive & seek,
 Although its heart is rich in pearls & ore,
 The sea complains upon a thousand shores,
 Sea-like we moan forever,

Sitting all silent in congenial gloom, .
 " and when
 I think of Poets nurtured 'mong the throes,
 And by the lonely hearts of common men
 I think of their works, some long, some short, some swelling
 With gorgeous music growing to a close,
 Deep muffled as the dead-march of a god, -
 My heart is burning to be one of those,

Beauty still walketh on the earth & air;
 'Tis Pleasant, when blue skies are over us bending
 Kitten old gaily-gated Poesy,
 To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
 Like thine sweet - Friend - He !

"Sheathed" is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old,
The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,
And over them the stars prelude on high.
Pure joys these winter nights around me lie:
'Tis fine to walk through the lighted streets
At Christmas time I guess from brow & face
The doom & history of each one we meet
What-kind of heart-beat in each dusky case;
Whely startled by the beauty of a face
In a shop-light—a moment. Or instead,
To dream of silent-fields where calm & deep
The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—
Recalling sweetest looks of summers dead.

Feb 23^d Thursday night. We have had a "spice of
variety" in the weather today - for it has snowed twice
& then cleared of as often - but the wind that seems
to be holding its pearl tonight & it is intensely cold
I wonder ^{how} Father is - I have expected him some
but I suppose they thought they must work if they
could. I guess Martha is mortally offended
for she came here Monday noon - for some a -

She says she is coming to stay all night.
I wonder if H. will come over next week.
I wish she would - I do want to see her -
I don't know for what, only I long to see her
I wish H. would send me some more work
if she intends to. "Oh - it is so cold."

Friday night. "What a storm. Rain & wind
seem to be exerting their utmost - to win the day -"

Last Friday Father came home - if it clears
off - ~~he~~ he will go back tomorrow. Last night
Julia was over. She says - she heard Carl say to his mother
that he was going to lend me Homer's Iliad - so he
has not forgotten it - though he has not been over.

I should like very much to see him again - before he
goes. "I hope H. will come ~~xxx~~ - though I
am afraid she will think the vacation too short."

Oh - how the rain is beating against the window
'tis a wild night - I get - when I suitably dressed
I would like to be out - I would like to stand
by the sea side & listen to its deep moan - blending
with the rushing shrieking winds. Or I'd
stand on some lofty hill covered with dense firs
& listen entranced as the wind sweeps down ~~ways~~
through their branches, with the sound of a mighty organ.

But - I must not linger longer with these - "idle fancies"
the world calls them.

28th "Tuesday night. "Today I received a
letter from dear H. enclosed was another from

I little expected it. I could hardly
believe my own eyes when I glanced at the
signature. Then I am not wholly forgotten
I thought I was. Yet I cannot answer this
letter - I cannot - even if it is expected.

Julia brought the letters - S. & Carl
brought them from ~~her~~ Mrs. Smith. It
is a little singular that this letter should first -

March 10th Friday night - Another rainy day of this morning Jackson left a package from A. I suppose he forgot it yesterday. " " I believe I have the 'Palpitation of the heart' - I have never thought much about it - before, though I have had sudden attacks that ^{would} almost take my breath away - yet - they were gone in an instant. But - today it has troubled me constantly. If it continues I shall be unable to keep silence - for it is very distressing. " Oh! Life! how slender is our hold on thee!

Saturday night - " It is as lovely as Eden out - " Oh! hush - ye wild longings - The actual requires my attention now. Mother is worse tonight -

She is sleeping now - I must stop. Sunday eve - A letter from H. tonight - She gives me a faint - hope of her coming. Oh! will she? how I long to see her. I feel as though I must. " Mother is rather better. This is another lovely evening.

March 13th Monday night - " Oh! Mother does not seem ~~much~~ better today - she is in much pain nights. I rub her but it does not seem to do much good. Oh! if she was only well - but it is no use to wish. I wish H. would come - yet I cannot tell for what - a strange spirit possesses me - I cannot control myself. " Tuesday eve, I have finished a letter to H. I want her to come - I wonder if she will. Mother seems better - but I am afraid when she lies down she will be worse. I have finished the work A. sent. Somehow - I feel hurried - I cannot bear to be still a minute - I get I do not feel strong I determined. I am not myself. " Thursday night - " We have had a succession of Spring showers ^{with thunder} this evening. At sunset it was lovely the sun looking through the purple cloud masses. I ~~then~~ ^{was} going down ~~at~~ leaving that - one golden spot ^{amid} the blackness. It was like Hope's prophetic eye, gazing through the clouds of despair. " Friday eve - " A. L. has just left - She has brought the 'Slaid'. I want you to write down the principal characters ^{as they were} at ^{the} head - I neither consented nor refused - but I shall ^{write them} ~~do so~~ for my own benefit. I shall remember longer if I do. I wish she had let Carl bring the book - " "

March 20th

Monday " Oh, the past two days - how like a glad dream they have been - Oh..... came Saturday - but this morning the dream vanished - for she ~~departed~~ is I am lonely - so lonely - I would give anything to recall her - she is my life almost - none, none are like her to me, thoughts of her continually haunt me. Everything & everyone else seems wholly unoriginal. Oh that I could bring her back - I with her the sunbeam that came with presence - for it is cold dark & cheerless now - Oh - will it be always thus?

Tuesday eve - Tonight Emerson lectures. I am glad it is pleasant - for I wanted her - to attend - it is the last of the course - She says they have been unusually interesting. Would that I could attend. I am reading the Iliad - I like it very much. Such power of Invention! ~~Never~~ Nothing there is something in his imagery that reminds me of Milton. " After looking over a paper I find a sketch of a concert-lecture in which Miss Carrar sung - then it seems she is before the public in some measure - I do wish I could hear her.

Thursday night - Dark & stormy. Just before "tea" we were somewhat startled by a strange appearance. He proved to be a Mormon Elder. He made a prayer three quarters of an hour long - & after a long series of "halls" & "forwards" he departed. I do not like him - & I fancy the dislike is mutual. Don't care if it is.

Mother is not so well - today "

Friday " I wonder if A. will come tomorrow - I hope so - for I want to see her & - I long to hear from her. It seems long ago - that she was there. " Why is it - that my very being seems identified with her?

What should I have been - had I never known her -? Ah! I dare not think! I wish I was more worthy of her friendship.

March winds are no longer proverbial - they are realities in earnest; as the past ten days can testify. Spring's bright face is veiled.

April

Tuesday Eve. I am lonely - restless tonight -
thoughts of the Past - steal over me. Oh, that one anxiety
of my life was gone - to trouble me no more, It is
a constant corroding care - when - when shall I know
something definite - Yet I dread any intelligence.

Oh, what is life - but a succession of petty trials - often
as I long for the calm sleep of Death - I were death the
end of life - gladly would I sink to its eternal slumbers.
But now - another feeling triumphs - a feeling
of defiant independence - a scorn of the world.
Would that it would never leave me! Better, far
better for me - if I possessed more energy, more inde-
pendence! Yet I am stronger in character - than
I was one year ago - Truly we must 'live to learn'.

Father has become quite earnest about "selling out"
I going to the City - it does not interest me much for
I think it is ~~only~~ in 'talk' only. Yesterday he went
over with G. I saw John, who is very eager for him
to purchase that "lot" - but it is no use - he will
not - at least I think he will not - for he cannot
dispose of this place to good advantage. I wonder what
will be the next subject of interest.

24th Wednesday. I have been gardening (on a small scale)
today - I think it will rain soon - yesterday Father ploughed
the land the ground is so wet - that it's no use to plant yet.
Mother is rather better today than yesterday, but she is
feeble at the best.

25th Thursday night. Have just received a letter from H.
She did attend the association - had a very pleasant time.
It is to meet next in New Bedford. I hope I can
attend - though it will not do to anticipate. D. has sent
H. two of his books - by Fred. I hope he has also
brought back the "Hardly words" - for I long to read them.

Last night there was quite a severe thunder storm - there
is another tonight - but at a distance.

28th Friday night. It is raining very fast & has been
nearly all day. Father has placed those stones at
Mother's grave today. Nine years ago she died.
Can it be! Oh - darling Mary, had you but lived!
But I am selfish to wish you here - Would that
I too had left this world when a child - years of
care & pain would have been avoided - but such was
not God's will - He has given me life - to improve
not abuse.

April

29th Saturday Night - " Father has been to the City today. He has given up buying that lot. I don't know whether to regret it or not. There are many reasons why I should prefer a City life at present - first is, the intellectual advantages I might enjoy. Secondly - social advantages which I truly need. But then - there are also many objections I should not like to go from my childhood's home forever - to have it pass into the hands of strangers. I could not bear to break from the "associations" of the past - which bind me to each familiar scene. I then to be a prisoner in the heated City, through the glorious summer days - how could I endure it, with no sweet country home in perspective. Ah - it would be hard, for my wild free spirit to be bound in the conventional rules of City life. But then there is a remedy even for this. "His Independence". I were my 'circumstances' such as I could wish - I would not hesitate - for an independent struggle, even in the City. P. called this forenoon. I have arranged a part of my 'Garden'.

Sunday - Raining in torrents. I have been all day. Somehow I can't get interested in anything today. There is reading enough - but I peruse things that I am - When there's opportunity - there's no will. P. called again this morning. I long to see Carrie. but I can't seem to get there. I feel strangely listless & indifferent. I wish I did not. I wish I could feel the energy I did six weeks ago. Since then it has been gradually declining until it is now "below par". I hope for a "rise" soon. I wish I could possess - a stern unfailing energy. I would ask for nothing ~~else~~ more.

May 2nd Tuesday " Flashing day - Yesterday I went to Capt. L... to get my seeds. I had one flower for May day, a sweet little Pansy. Today there are two bloomed. I sent my letter yesterday. Another storm is gathering. The wind has a harsh sound - tonight - while the mournful woodland 'voices' come in fitful strains on my ear. Sad thoughts haunt me too - thoughts that I cannot write.

May

4th Thursday night - Father has been to the City today. I have engaged to go to work in Fairhaven next week. I am glad it is no farther off. George brought me a note from Carrie - I want to go down there & but there's no time. We have had rain yesterday & today with the exception of a little sunshine this morning. I have made an attempt at gardening - but the ground is very wet. There is almost a deluge in New York - Boston &c. I long for one clear sunny day.

5th Friday - Pleasant this morning - shower this afternoon. I saw Capt. J. as he passed today the first time since his arrival. I perfectly remembered the day he sailed - Carrie & I watched the vessel - from the hill. He has made an excellent voyage - I suppose they are all very happy. Today Spring has given me her first wild offering - a fragile violet - I received it with mingled feelings. Sweet frail stranger - I look on thee with reverence - wild longings for the beautiful, thou bringest - & - Thoughts of worlds dead!

6th Sunday - Received a letter from H. last night. She says Ann Bonney is really reading to them - from 'Hester' a work they have just commenced. & she is a most excellent reader - reads like an actress - voice & manner the same. Oh - I would like to hear her. Evening - Carrie & George called this evening. This morning a 'schooner' sunk - near Round Hill Lighthouse. Her masts are discernable. The three men who were on board, ^{are} saved. Last night - it was very cold - the wind had been blowing furiously all day - the ground froze quite hard - It is very trying weather for fruit & early vegetables. Father is going to work tomorrow.

7th Monday night - Father had been sick today or rather part of the day - he thinks she shall go tomorrow. This has been a lovely day, a real May day. I wish my energy period had lasted just when I most need it - Vils - home. I do feel for the most part of the time, deplorably stupid. I believe I have my old disease coming on - I hope Ann will come soon.

8th Tuesday night - I have been indolent this week about writing. Father went Tuesday - the same night. I spent some time. I am very glad. I have finished it tonight. Carrie called this

evening. B. was here this afternoon - while he was here I went for my paper - Coming home I unfolded it - when, I dropped a "surprise" - I do wish I had a more confident energy. But if I had even a plausible mode of conveyance - I believe I would risk it - I could not - I know I could but fail - I feel that I have the requisite materials - I want but a strong will to mould them as I like.

Oh - for more self-reliance. Shall I ever ever possess it? Saturday morn. The Whiffoorwills. There come.

Oh - I love their plaintive notes. The Peaches are blooming - so beautifully - Spring flowers are quite plentiful. Oh - it long to be out free with the birds & blossoms. "The Crystal Palace has been reopened - It must have been a grand affair. Speeches by several distinguished men - & music!" Oh, shall I ever see it? The Nebraska Bill - has been brought up in the "House" - Can it - Will it, be allowed to pass? I fear it will - for gold & political favors - will silence many a voice, that should speak against it. Shame to our glorious Republic.

Saturday night. Julia called this evening. Carl has come - for a three weeks vacation - I hoped for a letter today - but I have not seen B. - perhaps he has gone round - Mother is not so well today - Father has come tonight - I hope N. will come this morn - "This has been a lovely day lovely as a summer's dream."

Sunday - George brought a package from A. I cannot expect to have any more work after this. A. is not coming until the last of this week. It is raining! I feel indolent or stupid rather. I wish I could get a letter from B. Julia & M. have gone to the City - perhaps they will bring one. There is to be a "Woman's Rights" meeting held in Boston on the 2^d of June. I should like to attend, but it is out of the question. I wish I could go somewhere, this summer - even though it should be a short trip. But - there - nowhere - I may go to Braintree though. I will - if possible. I will hereafter neglect no opportunity for travelling - however short the distance may be. I am provoked at a mistake

I made last night - I gave J. "Childe Harold" instead of the Astronomy. They were nearly of a size & I covered alike - & it being dusk I did not notice. I am sorry that book has gone over there, I hope I shall see J. tonight.

Tuesday - I saw Julia yesterday. She says Carl discovered the mistake. & he wants to read the book while he is at home - very much - I gave my consent.

Carrie C. called this morning - She says George Davis is dead! His funeral takes place tomorrow afternoon - I want to attend - for I long to look once more on him - my school mate! Ah, they are 'passing away' - my childhood's dear companions, "Mother & Son" will now sleep side by side in the quiet 'graveyard', God pity the moderns!

Wednesday eve. I did not attend the funeral today I wished to - very much - to see him - but Mother is not very well & I could not leave her alone. Oh - I do wish I could have seen him once - but perhaps it is best as it is - better perhaps - to remember him as he appeared ^{when} in health - than to be haunted by his ^{image} ~~appearance~~ in death. But it is sad - dear departed one - to say 'farewell' forever.

Ah, Childhood's band ye are scattered now.

May 19th Friday night - Oh - Mother is worse again - she has taken a severe cold. Will she ever - ever again enjoy health? I expected it today - but she has not come - & Oh why don't I have a letter? I am lonely again. My spasm has somewhat abated - I am glad of this - for I had & far rather feel intensely than be so - indifferent. Nature never wore a lovelier aspect - gladly would I explore her 'beauty-scenes' but ah, I cannot - yet I should not murmur - 'tis for my Mother's sake - I am here - & I would not - could not - leave her - my own dear Mother! But wild irrepressible longings will ride - & for a time, sever the spirit from all ties. Ah I fear - life will be full of struggles - through the dark veil of the future is impenetrable.

May 26th Friday night - What a week this has been! Mother is very very sick. There is no one here - but N. & three children. I have sent for D. & father will come tomorrow night. I went to the Doctor today - tonight we have given Mother an opiate - which has settled her cough & she sleeps. I hope it will refresh her.

Oh these long days & nights - of anxiety - never ~~did~~
did I experience such before. The 'eclipse' was
and intensely interesting sight this afternoon. I longed
for more favorable opportunities to observe it. The
sun was ~~wholly~~ obscured except a narrow crescent - like
the 'new moon'. The west was completely veiled by
heavy cloud-masses - which circled around the sun
now hiding, now revealing its novel & interesting aspect.

But I must not stop longer to write. I for Mother
requires my care. M. Lucy was buried last Wednesday - she
has been a very great sufferer.

Sunday eve. Mother is worse. This forenoon she had
a very distressed spell - it was agony to witness it. She has
faded rapidly today - A. came with George. I am
somewhat relieved by her presence. Harriet has gone to
the 'Vineyard' with Mary C. so A. says - This accounts for
her long silence. Oh Mother, poor Mother! she
is so restless & distressed - I am going to 'sit-up'
with her pale night. She is wandering at times.

Monday night. We have had the doctor today.
How much better it would have been had we had him
last week. Mother has hardly recognised her nearest
friends today - but since taking the 'doctor's' medicine
she seems much more comfortable. She is sleeping now.
" Mrs. B. accompanied the Dr. Mother went to Fairhaven
this morning but returned again. I think I shall
send a letter to H. for her to come over when she gets home.
for A. will be obliged to go back this week - & I do
not like to be left alone with A."

Tues. Raining today - so father is at home. Mother
continues 'comfortable'. The Dr. called again today - he
thinks her better in some respects. Carrie called today.

The neighbors have been very kind & attentive indeed. I
shall ever feel grateful to them.

Wednesday. A. has gone. I miss her so - I would
give almost anything to have her back again. Mother is
about the same (with one exception). The Dr. called this
afternoon. Carl came in for a few minutes this morning. His
dear mother has not condescended to bless us with her presence yet.
I sent my letter by B. but he said (on his return) that
H. was still absent. I wish she could come - for I
want someone here - beside A. Father went to
work this morning.

June 1st " Thursday eve. Oh how strange! I am in my chamber again - Tonight we have a watcher - Mrs B. Howland. Mother seems quite comfortable & though very weak. We have had a number of callers today - I do not like to leave mother, somehow - & I would not - with anyone else. (P. called today) " " "

This has been a lovely day. & it closed with a glorious sunset. Oh, would that - Mother was able to enjoy it - I am anxious - so anxious about her - I cannot bear to have her so -

Oh that I could help her. "

2^d. Friday night. We have had unexpected company today. viz. Ellen, H. & Fred H. with little Georgie. I was so glad to see H. She did not receive my letter until last night. She could not stay - as she is going into school Monday & Fred is going away in a few days. She has been to the Vineyard with Mary C. - staid longer than she intended to but had a very pleasant visit. Oh how I wanted her to stay - I would rather all the rest would go - We took a short walk this afternoon - & I went with them after the horse - we came near having a 'collision' coming home. Aunt Hannah S. spent the afternoon here - & Carrie is here tonight. Mother seems quite comfortable - The 'doctor' came today - his daughter accompanied him. Oh, what would I give to have H. here tonight - & I would like to be near her always. She has had a letter from Mrs. P. I wonder when I shall go there again.

6/4 Sunday. Mother seems rather restless today - Father is at home. I feel restless too. Summer is around us in all its glorious beauty. Oh - I would like to enter some dark old forest - & bury myself in its green moss-banks - & forget that I am in the world.

12th. Sunday. This has been rather a busy week. Mother is quite 'mild'. She has been up nearly all day - We have had quite a number of callers today. P. H. spent the afternoon here. Among the callers were S. Anthony & S. Smith. Rather an unpleasant meeting.

Oh well - Curious incidents - sometimes occur. This afternoon Mary & I took a walk through Forest Avenue - It was grandly beautiful. How I longed for H. I could not bear to attend Moss Side - without her - but we visited other lovely spots. " H. went to the City, Wednesday - I received by her a letter from H. Carrie - I brought

her home. This makes two visits - I do not fancy
him any more ~~than~~ I did his brother. Last
Friday I went ^{home} with Carrie - visited Cedar Hill.
Such a grand prospect! " ^{But} I must lay aside
this writing for it is late.

Monday - Went to see the ships - H. H. Crafts
& C. H. Pigeon, go out. They looked noble. The
Capt. of the Pigeon has taken his wife & two children.
This has been a lovely day. Mother still
continues to gain.

"Dearest - me." In my chamber again!
I must chronicle the events of the day. We
have had "company" - "Uncle" J. R. & aunt P. I
could not be very sociable for I have been in
anything but a social mood today. After they were
gone J. called - & still later - Mr. Stanton.
So I think we have had our share of visitors.
Father is at home - almost sick. Mother is
'gamine' - Oh - if I could only have the nights to
read & write - as I used to! but now I read
only by stealth. Well - Mother is better. That
~~has not~~ ^{supplies} ~~up~~ for many inconveniences. But how
tempting a book looks - to say nothing of pen
ink & paper. But this wait as I must
take a trip to Dreamland ere the sun rises.

Saturday morn. half past three, I am waiting
for R. V. to come along - I can hardly help
laughing outright at the thought of how many letters
to say nothing of packages, that man has transported
" I can't bear to think of expending much energy
today. For the truth is I have none to expend.
Yesterday we changed the chamber. I am glad that
it done. I hope I shall have a letter from
H. next week. I am impatient to hear from her.
Mother continues better - she walks some.
Father has been at home all the week.

Sunday afternoon. Yesterday afternoon father
went to the City in hoping to meet Aunt Mary
but she has not come. H. has sent the paper
containing a notice of Corra Linn's work - I
would like to know who she is. I am very
sorry that she adopted that signature. Well - it
can't be helped now. It might have made
use of it before - J. was just here -

She says 'Carl' came home Friday night - & is going back tomorrow morning. How I would like to see him. He talks of going to Brooklyn & I almost hope that she will not. M. B. S. went to the schoolhouse with her. While we were there Lind & Adel came in. I wish one had been Carl.

2nd - Wednesday night - Received a letter from H. today - She has moved - L. is her room mate. She tells Mr. Blackmar a few days ago - All well - Curran still taking lessons of Mad. Arzo. Mary has gone to Virginia to stay until Sept. I don't understand why she should go now. I fancy that I should like to visit Boston now. She is gone - For I imagine her so much my superior - & a stranger too - that I shrink from meeting her. " " This afternoon I ~~visited~~ went to the village - This is the most disagreeable task I have to perform. Got a letter from L. & saw two beautiful rose bushes. " " I is cleaning house this week - I - helping (3) her. Mother is about the same. " " There - I must stop writing. Mother is growing restless. " "

Thursday night - Been cleaning the "front-room" today - Mother occupied the kitchen. Julia called towards night - she intends to start for N. B. tomorrow if it is pleasant. I believe she intends to return - I cannot help doubting a little whether coming back. I shall miss her if she don't. " " It feel is rather a don't-care mood tonight - I can't think seriously of anything.

Sunday afternoon. I went Friday P. I believe she intends to come back. House cleaning is finished for the present - I feel like giving three cheers...

There has been no intelligence from Braintree this week. There is to be a meeting this afternoon down below. I don't care about attending, I would far rather spend the hour in the woods alone. But I cannot. - I must stay here. " The flowers are so sweetly, superbly beautiful. I would like to look at them & dream over them by the hour. Oh - that I had leisure for enjoyment as I used to have - (but now everything is hurried - & I see no prospect of any ~~improvement~~ change.

June 25th

Evening. This afternoon Mrs. H. sent me - the promised books - Macaulay's History. I anticipate a rich treat. If I only had leisure time but I will manage somehow to read. Thursday eve. H. has gone to the City to stay until tomorrow. H. Snow - Carrie - & Miss Briggs called this afternoon. It seems rather lonely to have H. gone. I have commenced the History & by dint of early rising & now & then a leisure minute have read sixty or seventy pages. How I would like to sit down to it; but that is not to be thought of - for there are heaps of sewing to be done; & I must help do it. Oh - I hate sewing - I detest it. I gladly would I be excused from ever touching a needle again - & I wish I was more domestic in my tastes - or rather that I had the power of controlling my likes & dislikes - to suit the occasion. But I have not - & therefore many phrases of life are unpleasant.

The following lines I find in Mary's schoolbook.
 The wildest ills that darken life
 Are rapture to the bosom's strife;
 The tempest, in its blackest form,
 Is beauty to the the bosom's storm.
 The ocean lashed to fury loud,
 Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
 Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
 To Angel's dark & stormy sea." "True."

July 1st Saturday night. Tonight my soul is filled with longings. I would gladly be alone - but I cannot. The new moon has hung her silver crescent - ^{over} ~~above~~ the western woods - making the earth half in brightness half in shade. Oh, I love the moonlight - best - when shadows are thus interwoven with its radiance. The air is filled with dewy fragrance. Would that I could spend at least a portion of the night - alone in Nature's temple. But it is no use - I must conform to custom & retire.

Sunday. I am disappointed - for I brought no letter from H. It was ~~his~~ fault - though.

It is a deliciously cool day - but I feel strangely listless. I long to hear music. This feeling haunts me. I reading a paragraph in a paper - stating that there was to be music on the Common twice a week - has

Sunday - Cloudy - There is some appearance of
 rain - at last. - We need some very much.
 If it is pleasant - tomorrow I may visit the
 City - I hope I shall find everything agreeable
 though perhaps I shall find the opposite.
 I long to see H. I hope Miss Bonney is
 well - by this time. I want to hear from Julia
 again - I hope she is not married - though
 she is so impulsive - I fear she is - Well -
 I hope she has consulted her own happiness!!
 July 26th Tuesday eve. Another chapter in the
 record - dear old Journal. Yes - two weeks without
 a line. My visit to the City - has passed
 two years - for it was very pleasant - Two weeks
 ago this eve - I went to ride - with Mr. H. & H.
 around the Point Road - It was delightful - though
 my feelings were not in unison with anything which
 I returned. I could not analyse them however.
 The next Friday night - we partook of 'ice cream'
 at Ellen's. I with difficulty swallowed mine!!
 Passed the night at Ellen's - after farming and
 engagement - for Sunday evening, Saturday morn -
 went to N. S. then back - & into Henry's
 kept to Mrs P. S. & the Candle House & Lizzie
 P. S. included, then up street - Georgie went with
 us. Evening - went with H. to hear Mary
 Randall play - I shall never ever forget the "Battle
 of Prague". It impressed me more strongly than any
 music I ever heard - the 'Attack' in particular - was
 made me icy cold - & I held my breath lest the
 spell should be broken - no more other pieces she
 played & sang, so beautiful that I could have
 listened all night - but all things lovely have an
 end - so did this - for company came & interrupted us.
 H. went to N. S. with me - Sunday morn
 went to walk - visited Rodman's - drank from the
 Fountain - next traced a cascade & was
 delighted with its foamy beauty. Returned home
 at noon - learned that the Opera was in the City.
 Afternoon went down South, then attended Mr. Craig's
 Church, next to N. S. - she had been to ride!
 P. Plenum came to N. S. also - Mr. H. came
 according to appointment & we visited Oak Grove
 Had a pleasant walk - attended Church in the

evening, "Elm St." - Almost fancied from
surrounding circumstances that I should have the C.

The nervous system was quieted at last - however,
Mr. H. procured Shelley for us - on our way home -
I after reaching home we all engaged in reading - it
He lent me the book to take home - I have it
and reading all the chance I can get. Monday

H. s note arrived which renewed my leave of absence.

Tuesday visited H. s school - I heard Ann read
Oh - what would I give to be able to read like
her - It was so impressive - so eloquent - It was
Shelley too - the "Revolt of Islam". H. is principal
for the remainder of this term - I like her assistants
very much - Miss Carr. especially, I & as like Ann.

Wednesday night - H. came H. s. Last night I
staid with H. had a pleasant time, left before
breakfast - which was not agreeable to the host
& hostess.

Thursday afternoon went to school again
Heard Ann read from Ford. Evening went to
Miss Hindlow's to get some plants.

Friday afternoon
went down street with A. to Bliss' - almost wish
I had not.

Friday Howard it will do for the present.
afternoon Came home. H. & Willie came as far as
Blissville. How I wanted her to come home with me.
I found company awaiting my arrival viz. Aunt M.
from Braintree. I like her much - & she has
a darling little babe.

" Mr. S. came for
S. tonight. He intends sailing for the W. Indies
tomorrow. I am heartily glad of it - far in
spite of all my resolutions to the contrary - my
feelings in regard to him are strongly tinged with
disgust. I wish A. would not be so partial to him."

Thursday night - " Yesterday - March 17. came
I & today they have all gone. I am sorry.

but - I hope a happier future is before them.

I wish father could have seen her before she
left - I cannot help feeling anxious about
them. I saw them over the bridge - I hope
they have safely reached home - here this.

I have been with Carrie & Mrs. D. this
afternoon - in search of berries.

I must next make a few extracts
from Shelley.

The Cloud.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas & the streams;
I lead light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds - every one,
Then rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun,
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And ~~hang~~ ^{hang} as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pine-branches groan as fast;
And all the night, 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
Sublime on the towers of my sky-bowers
Lightning, my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles & howls at fits;
O'er earth & ocean, with gentle motion
This pilot - is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the hills, & the crags, & the hills,
Over the lakes & the plains,
Wherever he dreams, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves, remains,
And I all the while, bask in Heaven's blue smile,
While he is dissolving in rain.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my shining rack,
When the morning ^{star} ~~sun~~ ^{glad} ~~shines~~ ^{sheds} ~~dead~~,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which for earthquake rocks & springs,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of his golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe on the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest & of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,

With wings folded I sit, on some airy nest;
As still as the brooding dove,

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Gleides glimmering o'er my fleece-like flood,
By the midnight-Phebes stream;
And whenever the beat, of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the roof of my tent-thin roof,
The stars peep behind the I peer:
And I laugh to see them whirl & flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lapses & seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high
Are each paved with the moon & stars.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, & the stars peer & swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains, its columns be!
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, & snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft-colour'd wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth & water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean & shores;
I change, - but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with noise a stain
The pavilion of heaven is beat,
And the winds & sunbeams, with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air -
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise & upbuild it again. Shelley.

Extracts - from "Alastor";

The noonday sun
Rays shone upon the forest - one vast mass
Of mingled shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,
Scorched in the dark base of those airy rocks
Mocking its moans, respond & ~~roar~~ ^{roar} forever.
The meeting boughs & implicated leaves
Have twilight 'er the Poets path, as 'd
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt - some bank,
Her cradle, & his sepulchre. More dark &
And dark the shades accumulate - the oak,
Expanding its immense & knotty arms,
Embraces the light-beech & the pyramids
Of the state cedar overarching, frame,
Moss-solomon domes within, & far below
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash & the acacia floating hung
Tremulous & pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In pain-bow & in fire, the parasites,
Starred & with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks; & as gamelone infants eyes,
With gentle meanings & most innocent smiles,
Hold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Maintaining their close union; the woven leaves
Make net-work of the dark blue light-of day,
And the night-moon tide clearness; mutable
As shapes in the wild clouds. Soft-mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, & eyed with blooms
Minute, yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Lends forth its woods of musk rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul dissolving odor, to invite
To some more Roach my story. Through the dell,
Solence & Twilight there, twin sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, & sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half seen: Beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, & of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, & every speck
Of azure sky; darting between their chasms
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror leaves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star

Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread his glories to the gaze of noon,
 "Obedient to the light-
 That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing
 The windings of the dell, — the rivulet,
 Wanton & wild, through many a green ravine
 Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
 Among the moss with hollow harmony,
 Dark & profound. Now on the polished stone,
 It danced; like childhood laughing as it went;
 Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept;
 Refreshing every ~~leaf~~ & drooping bud
 That overhung its quietness. "Oh stream!
 Whose source is inaccessible profound,
 Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?
 Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome fountains,
 Thy dashing waves, thy loud & hollow gulfs,
 Thy parched fountain, & invisible course,
 Have each their type in me. And the wide sky
 And measureless ocean may declare as soon
 What oozy cavern, or what wandering cloud
 Contains thy waters, as the universe
 Tells where these scattered thoughts reside, when stretched
 Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste
 I, the passing wind!"

"Change is the beautiful lining of time; & there are two things
 that never wear it — true friends & true hearts."

"There is strength deep bedded in our hearts of which we
 reck but little — till the shafts of Heaven have pierced its
 fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent before her gems are found?"
 Mrs. Hemans.

Memory presides over the Past; Action presides over the
 Present. The first lives in a rich temple, hung with glorious
 trophies, & lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but
 Duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit. — F. M. Mawell.

Morning brings back to me the Past; and the Past brings up
 not only its actualities, not only its events, — & memories — but stranger
 still — what might have been. Every little circumstance, which dawns on the awakened
 memory, is traced not only to its actual — but to its possible issues. — Ibid.

Aug. 18th. Tuesday — I hardly know what — I am
doing today — Last night I had a novel.
Yesterday I obtained the "Lamp-lighter" — I could
not sleep until I had read it — hours flew like
minutes, & five sounded in my ears before I finished
it. I then retired — for an hour —
I like the book very much — The characters are
life-like — & the plot — language &c. are
excellent — & there is such an example of strength
power — endurance! That — its funeral — is a faithful
lesson — Oh, that I had the energy & goodness
of Gerty. But — alas! I feel so listless.

Aug. 23rd. Thursday night. Another charm!
Oh — hope much has transpired since I have written.
Harriet — yes — Harriet! — has been here — That alone
is an epoch in my life — for it gives me more
pleasure than anything else. She has been
travelling since I ~~had~~ heard from her — Her Providence
excursion was delightful — from thence she went
to Boston — She did not see Old Blackman — but
she told me something dreadful that has befallen him.
He has been bitten by a rabid dog!! They fancy the
danger somewhat past — but — Oh — it haunts me
It would seem as if an angel passed from earth — were
he to die — How could we let him go — & to die so!!

Mary is not at home yet — Curran is there still —
She made the acquaintance of two fine authors
viz J. R. Dix — & G. W. Burdett. She has copies of
their works — Mrs. B. sent me one of Dix's.

He remained with us four days — & then went to
Polina's — returning — spent another day — & part of two
nights — We have had several delightful walks —
one in a new direction — "Gold Cloud" — never shall
I forget it — The last afternoon I visited Crosside

How forcibly the "Sensitive Plant" — reminded us of our change.
Oh — when shall our feet press its carpet of moss — again?
He also visited R.'s & "Cedar Hills" — & we have read
"Legends of the Revolution" by Lippard. It is beautiful
grand — & intensely exciting — reminds me somewhat of
"Geroni" — in style. I also read one volume of Mrs.
Browning's poems — I like them much — They are so
different from female poetry in general — so spirited
& such glowing language. The "Lost Bower" &
very beautiful — & so true — but — "The Vision of Poets"

Has the most exciting charm - One could love
the former - I prefer in the latter. Name
of the shorter poems are beautiful - especially the
"House in the Clouds" - & -

" " Willie came Monday - I staid until
last night - " It does seem refreshing to be
alone - though I like the society of my friends.
Saturday night - " Yesterday - Ellen & the two
younger children came - I was glad to
see them - but - I wish our housekeeping materials
were replenished a little - " Oh - the vexations
of housekeeping! This morning - Jackson

brought me - a California letter - also
a note from E. - to me - stating that she
had committed the same mad act that I
did, in relation to the "Lamp lighter".

Father had a very narrow escape this week -
It - make me doubly anxious now - Oh - dear!

Monday night - Willie came again this morn
brought me - a book (viz "See & the Pastor")
from H. E. has been at work today washing

Towards night - though - to gratify her - I
went - to "Ross Side" - I thought at first -

I could not - ascend it - with no Harriet -
but - I did - & I don't think I am sorry

E. was much pleased with the scenery - I
she too can appreciate it -

Tuesday - A book - (Mrs Brownings),
& note - fr - Jackson - This afternoon

E. & children went home I went - &
nearly over the bridge with them - They were
just in time - The children's walk this
morning almost belated her -

Carrie A. stopped this afternoon - She says
Re. is very sick - with the Typhoid fever -
I feel a degree of anxiety about him, that
few others would occasion.

One event of last Saturday I will register
here - Carl called to see me - He brought -

Homer's "Odyssey" for me to read - He likes
it - but - thinks it not quite equal to the
"Iliad" - How I longed for our long uninterrupted

conversations - but - this is more than I expected
Yesterday E. & I - met him at the corner -

Aug 3rd, Thursday night - - This is the last
night - I can call myself Twenty. In a few
~~days~~ hours - Twenty-one, will be ringing in my ears.
Another birth day will be ushered in &
another year find its grave in the Past - But
alas - not a quiet grave - for ghost-like its
phantom form of mis-spent - hours will haunt
me ever - But - vain are regrets - I
must - I will stifle them - I may God
give me strength for the coming year - Strength
Power - Fortitude! for I feel I shall need them
I am now going to write some extracts -
from - Mrs Browning's Poems -
Extracts - from - The "Drama of Exile"
Luther - to Gabriel, I too have strength -

Strength to behold Him, & not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him - & not cry out Him;
Strength to be in the universe, & yet -
Neither God nor his servant - The red sign
Burnt - on my forehead, which you painted me with,
To God's sign that - it - bows I too - unto God;
The ~~potter's~~ mark upon his work, to show
He merges well to the striker. I & the earth
Can bear more curse -

Gabriel - I charge thee by the choral song we sang,
When up against the white shore of our feet -
The depths of the Creation swelled & broke, -
And the new worlds, the beaded foam & flower
Of all that - coil, roared outward into space
On thunder - edges, - leave the earth to God,
from
Chorus of Eden
Spirits -

Harken, Oh - harken! ye shall harken surely,
For years & years,
The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,
Of spirit that
The yearning to a beautiful, denied you,
Revered from (all) -
Shall strain your powers: -
Ideal - sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
Resumed from ours
In all your music, our pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;

And all fair sights — shall mind you of divines,
With sense of loss &
He shall be near, in all your foot — tongues
And wild extremes;
That — time you see the desert — with vain angers,
Or Rights — with dreams?
And when upon you, weary after roaming,
Death's seal is put,
By the foregone — you shall discern the coming
Through eyelids shut —

Spirits of the Trees — — —

Hark! the Eden trees are stirring,
Slow & solemn to your hearing!
Plane & cedar — palm & fir,
Samarisk & juniper,
Each is throbbing in vibration
Since that crowning of Creation,
When the God-breath spoke a word,
Reaching down the depths of Godhead,
Let us make man like to God,
And the pine stood quivering
In the Eden-gorges wooded,
As the awful word went by;
Like a vibrant — charred string
Stretched from mountain peak to sky!
And the cypress did expand,
Slow & gradual — branch & head;
And the cedar's strong black shade
Fluttered broken & grand! —
Grove & forest, lobed aslant —
In emotion jubilant.
"Which divine impulsion cleaves
In dim movements to the red leaves.
Drop — & lifted, drop — & lifted
In the sunlight — greenly sifted,
In the sunlight — & the moonlight —
Greenly sifted through the trees.
Ere I leave the Eden trees
In the night — in the moonlight —
With a rustling of green branches
Shaded of to resonances;
Never stirred by rain or breeze!
Fare ye well — farewell!
The sylvan sounds, no longer audible

voices of the trees)
but — after)

Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Breeds out some murmur which ye heard before!
Farewell! the best of Eden
Ye shall hear no more,

River Spirit

Hark! the flow of the four rivers —
Hark the flow!

How the silence round you shivers,
While our voices through it go,
Cold & clear,

Think a little, while ye hear, —
Of the banks

Where the green palms & red dead
Crowd in intermingled ranks,
As if all would drink at once,
Where the living water runs!

Of the fishes & golden edges
Flashing in & out the sidges;
Of the swans on silver thrones,
Floating down the winding streams,
With impassive eyes turned shoreward,
And a chant — of undertones,
And the lotus leaning forward
To help them into dreams,

Fare ye well, farewell!
The river-sounds, no longer audible,

Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Breeds out some murmur which ye heard before!
Farewell! the streams of Eden,
Ye shall hear no more,

Bird Spirit

I am the nearest nightingale
That singeth in Eden after you;
And I am singing loud & true,
And sweet, — I do not fail!
I sit upon a cypress-bough,
Close to the gate, & I fling my song
Over the gate & through the mail
Of the warden-angels marshalled strong, —
Over the gate & after you!
And the warden-angels let it pass,
Because the poor brown bird, alas!

Sings in the garden sweet & true,
And I build my arch of high pure notes,
Note over note, high- over high -
'Till I strike the arch of the Infinite;
And I bridge a bygone agonies
With strong clear calms of harmony
And something abides, & something floats,
For the song which I sing after you?
Fare ye well - O Farewell!
The creature-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door!
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some cadence which ye heard before.
Farewell! the birds of Eden
Ye shall hear nevermore.

Flower Spirit
(continued)

Adam -

"... And yet the cedars & the junipers
Rock slowly through the mist, without a voice,
And shapes, which have no certainty of shape,
Drift - duskily in & out - between the pines,
And loom along the edges of the hills,
And lie flat, cowering in the open ground -
Shadows without a body, which contract -
And lengthen as we gaze on them

Lucifer -

Pass along
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Pastly griefs,
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes
Of what I am & have been. If ye have fallen,
It is a step's fall, - the whole ground beneath
Shewn wolly soft - with promise; if ye have sinned,
Your prayers tread high as angels! if ye have grieved
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable,
And power to die disproveth right - to grieve.
Go to! ye call this ruin. I half scorn
The ill I did you! There ye wronged by me,
Hated & tempted & undone by me,
Still, what's your hurt - to mine, of doing & ^{hurt} ~~giving~~,
Of making tempting, & so running?
This sword's hilt - is the sharpest, & cuts through
The hand that wields it.
Go - I curse you all,
Hate one another, fully - as ye can

I would not certes cut you short in hate —
Hate be it from me! Hate on as ye can!
I breathe into your faces, spirits of earth,
As winter — blast — may breathe on wintry leaves,
And lifting up their brownness, show beneath
The branches very bare, —

Spirit-Spirit — As the east wind blows black in the northland, —
As the snow wind beats — blinding from the moorland, —
As the simoom drives wild across the desert, —
As the thunder roars deep in the Unmeasured, —
As the torrent tears an ocean world to atoms, —
As the whirlpool grinds fathoms below fathoms, —
Thus, — & thus, —

Christ — "Eternity — stands always fronting God;
A stern colossal image with blind eyes,
And grand dim lips, that murmur evermore
God! God! God! While the rush of life & death,
The roar of act & thought, of evil & good, —
The avalanches of the running worlds
Tolling down space, — the new world's genesis
Building in fire, — the gradual humming growth
Of the ancient — atoms, & first — forms of earth,
The slow processions of the swathing seas
And fundamental waters, — & the noise
Of the broad fluent — state of pure air, —
All the flow onward in the ~~diffuse~~ intervals
Of that — reiterated — solemn sound of — God!
Which ~~stirred~~ innumerable angels straightway lift —
High on celestial altars, of song
And choral adoration, & then drop
The burden softly; shutting the last note
Flushed up in silver wings! & the moon of time,
Pathless, that — mystic — lifeless Eternity
Shall wax as silent — dumb, as death himself,
While a new voice beneath the spheres shall cry,
"God! Why hast thou forsaken me, my God?"
And not a voice in Heaven shall answer it —"
A Tamer — "for the Steed of Death, shall be found — &
Through the flats of Hades, where the souls assemble,
He will guide the Death-steed, calm between their ranks;
While, like beaten dogs, they a little moan & tremble
To see the darkness curdled from the horse's glittering flanks,
Through the flats of Hades where the dreary shade lies, —

Up the steep of Heaven, shall the Lamer guide the blind,
Up the spheric circles — circle above circle,
He who count the ages, shall count the tolling tread —
Every hoof-fall striking a blunder, blunder sparkle
From the stony orb; which shall show as they were dead,

Second
Semi-chorus

All the way the Death-steed, with muffled hoofs, shall travel,
Ashen gray the planets shall be motionless as stones;
Loosely shall the systems eject their parts coeval,
Shattered in the spaces shall float the pallid moons;
And find that touch their apogee, rising from their level,
Shall run back on their axes, in wild, low, broken tunes.

Chorus

Up against the arches of the crystal ceiling,
Shall the horse's nostrils steam blurring breath;
Up between the angels pale with silent feeling,
While the Lamer, calmly, lead the horse of death.

Semi-chorus

Clearing all that-silence, clearing all that-glory,
While the Lamer lead him straightway to the throne:
"Look out, O Jehovah, to this I bring before thee
With a hand nail-pierced, — I who am thy Son!"
Then the Eye Divined — from the Depest-flaming,
On the Horse's eyes feeding, shall burn out their fire!
Blind the best — shall stagger, where it-overcame him,
Weak as lamb at-pasture — bloodless in desire —
Down the beast shall shiver, — slain amid the taming —
And by life essential, the phantasm Death expire!

A voice —

Gabriel, thou Gabriel!

Another voice —

What-wouldst-thou with me?

First-voice —

I heard thy voice sound in the angels song;

2^d voice —

I would give thee question,

2^d voice —

Question me,

1st voice —

Why have I called thee to my morning star
And had no answer? All the stars are out,
And round the earth, upon their silver lives
Wheel out the music of their inner life,
And answer in their place. Only in vain
I cast voice against the outer day
Of my star, shut in light behind the sun;
No more reply than from a breaking string,
Breaking when touched. Or is she not my star?
Where is my star — my star? Have ye set down
Her glory like my glory? Has she waxed mortal
Mortal, like Adam? Has she learned to hate
Like any angel?

Second voice! " " He is sad for thee:
All things grow sadder to thee, one by one,

1st voice "

2d "

1st "

Gabriel, O Gabriel?
What would'st thou with me?
Is it true, O thou Gabriel, that the crown
Of sorrow that I claimed, another claims?
That ~~the~~ claims that too?

2d voice -

1st "

Lost one, it is true.
That - He will be an exile from His Heaven;
To lead these eyes homeward?

2d "

1st "

It is true.
That - He will be an exile by His will,
As I by mine election?

2d voice

1st "

It is true.
That - I shall stand sole exile finally,
Made desolate for fruition?

2d voice -

1st "

2d "

1st "

Gabriel?

I harken

Is it true besides -

Bright - true - that mine orient star will give
Her name of 'Bright - & Morning - Star' to Him,
And take the fairness of His virtue back,
To cover loss & sadness?

2d voice -

1st "

It is true.
Up true, Up true! O, morning - star! O Mine!
Who sitteth - seated - in a veil of light,
Far up the starry spaces, say, Up true!
I speak but so loud as doth a wasted moon
To barren waters! I am hence -
(A pause. Silence in the stars.)

All things grow sadder to me, one by one.

" " " " " "

Sonnet -

The Soul's Expression

With stammering lips & insufficient sound,
I strive & struggle to deliver right -
The music of my nature, day & night,
With dream & thought - & feeling, interwound;
And only answering all the senses round.
With octaves of a mystic depth & ~~latent~~ ^{hidden} light,
Which step out - grandly to the Infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of soul I struggle to outbear

Through portals of the ^{sublime} ~~sublime~~ & whole,
And utter all myself into the air!
But if I did it — as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud — my flesh would perish there
Before that dread apocalypse of soul,...

Tears.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well —
That is light-grieving! Light, now befit,
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot,
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing: at her marriage-bell,
The bride weeps: & before the oak
Of high-famed hills, the poet hath forgot —
The moisture on his cheeks, commend the grace,
Mourners, who weep! Albeit as some have done,
The grove tear-blinded, in a desert place
And touch but tombs — look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers, down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars & sun.

Grief.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless —
That only men incredulous of despair,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
Beat upward to God's throne in loud appeals
Of shrieking & reproach. Full desperation
In souls, as countries, lieth silent — base
Beneath the bleaching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for the dead, in silence like to death;
Not like a monumental statue set —
In everlasting watch & motionless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath!
Touch it! the marble eyelids are not wet —
If it could weep — it would arise & go —

Insufficiency.

When I attain to utter forth in verse
Some inward thought, my soul throbs audibly
Along my pulses, yearning to be free
And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse,
To the individual, true, & that universe,

In consummation of right-harmony!
But, like a dreary wind against a tree,
We are blown against forever by the curse
Which breathes through nature, if the world is weak—
The effluence of each is false to all;
And what we best conceive, we fail to speak;
Faint, foul, until their ashen garments fall!
And then resume thy broken strains, & seek
Thy peroration, without let or thrall.

From "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"

And there evermore was music, both of instrument & singing;
Till the finches of the shrubberies grew restless in the dark;
But the cedars stood up motionless, each in a moonlight-singing,
And the deer, half in the glimmer, strewed the hollows of the park.

" " "
There, I maddened! her words stung me! Life swept through me into fever,
And my soul sprang up astonished; sprang, full-statured in an hour!
Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic fever,
To a Pythian height dilates you, — & despair sublimates to power?

From my brain, the soul-wings budged! wared a flame about my body,
Whence conventions coiled to ashes! I felt self-drawn out, as man,
From amalgamate false natures; & I saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels, & I knew what spirits can.

Blame me not, I would not squander life in grief — I am abeternous!
I but nurse my spirits' falcon, that its wing may soar again!
There's no room for tears of weakness, in the blind eyes of a Phœnix;
And I work the feet-kneads thorn — & he does not die — till then.

From Pres. May Card.

"Imagination is the power of forming complex conceptions out of materials already existing in the mind. But it is evidently impossible to combine into images elements which we have never collected, or which, if we have previously collected - we are unable to recall. Hence, we find that those authors, who have been remarked for boundless fertility of imagination have always been endowed with the highest gifts of memory. Scott, Goethe, Coleridge - Milton, & others may be easily referred to as illustrations.

A distinguished poet + must be an intense & accurate observer of ^{the} nature & the conceptions formed from actual observation, must be the materials from which he creates the images of beauty or sublimity which please or subdue us... The case is similar in philosophical imagination. Unless we are possessed of all the facts in a phenomenon or a series of phenomena, we can never form any adequate conception of the rationale which binds them together in one scientific idea.

" The importance of a cultivated memory to reasoning is equally obvious. Reasoning is a series of mental acts by which we pass from the known to the unknown. Whenever a proposition is capable of being proved - there exist - certain other propositions which connect - it - indissolubly with truths already known.

Stop not, loiter not, look not backward, if you would be among the foremost! The great Now, so quick so broad, so fleeting, is yours; — in an hour it will belong to the Eternities of the Past. The temper of Life is to be made good by his honest blow; stop striking and you will do nothing; strike feebly, and you will do almost-as little. Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win: but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor & who lacks the weapon, will never triumph."

"Great souls have wills, others only feeble wishes."

1834

Sept. 1st, Friday night — Raindrops are falling on the roof above me — autumn voices are floating from woods & all else is silent — save now & then a gust of wind sweeps by. Can this be the evening of my birth-day?

It is many years since a storm has occurred on this anniversary — what bodes it now? — Some sad change?

But I will not be superstitious, but hope for a pleasant year. Yet doubts — anxieties — mingled with regrets for the Past — fill my soul — I dare not

look forward as I once did — I shrink from the future now — In its misty depths seems crouching a form of — I know not what — but which I wish not to contemplate. I get — Oh, Time! thou art — hurrying me on to the encounter! But enough —

Oh, God! give me strength, courage — to overcome — to live! May I realise my destiny — & falter not in its pursuing —

Thursday morning — Last night we had thunder & rain nearly all night. I could not sleep, but lay half dreaming — listening to the thunder, & the drops on the roof. Sometimes they fell in liquid sheets, almost with a crash — & again in single drops — sounding like tiny feet — dancing overhead.

I was going to find that book to H. — but I did not hear of when he passed. Oh —

I like Mrs. Browning's very much — There are vigor, pathos & beauty all eminently combined in her poetry. It is so different from the "sickly sentimentalism" of female writers in general. I wish the books were mine — that I might turn to them when I liked.

Friday night — Such a night — as last provided it be. I resolved to see G. & therefore — was obliged to be on the alert — Awakening & hearing a carriage I went down — it was half past eleven. I returned & laid down again.

Awakening again — I went down — this time it was nearly half past one. I did not dare to risk another nap — & therefore settled myself to reading History — to pass away the time. About three, another carriage passed — & I went out — but it was not him. It was so pleasant — out — I thought I would not go in again until

He came. It was after four when I heard him — there was a gentleman with him — but I passed the (to me) terrible ordeal — bravely that is — I didn't tremble much until after he had gone. I believe I am a complete fool in many respects. "Lizzie" called last night. She says poor 'P.' is still very ill. He takes no nourishment — except thin water-gruel. He cannot bear anything stronger. She says it affects him to think how much is done for him. But Oh — would that more could be done. I am so anxious to hear that he's better. Our proud stern 'P.'! Lying like a helpless child!! I cannot bear to think of it. But my light burns dimly & it is late. I wonder if I will come tomorrow. I hope so. There is a rumor that Hettie H. is married. Oh, may she be happy in the life she has chosen! This school is indeed closed. I am sorry for Sue, but as she is Mr. Grey's favorite — it will not be anything very serious matter to her.

Wednesday morn. Lovely indeed is this morning. Hettie's bridal morn. God bless her & crown her life with happiness.

Thursday night. Day before yesterday — Jennie H. called. I was obliged to consent to a proposition of hers — to write something for her on the death of Katie. I am in hourly dread of receiving a note from her on the subject — I would give almost anything to get clear — for I cannot bear to be scribbling for others' inspection — what I am ashamed to own myself. Oh dear me! I don't — nor can't feel in a mood to write at another's dictation. I feel like saying "Oh dear!" every minute all the time. Carrie came over this afternoon. No letter for me.

But P. is better, for this I rejoice. I wish N. would come if she intends to. A. acts rather strangely I fancy. I wish she understood herself better. But I must return to my reading again. I have commenced volume 2^d of History.

Friday night - I went to see Carrie for a
little while today. I saw R. Oh - how
he looked to me - So pale & thin - A
marble statue, was all I could think of -
His eyes looked large & brilliant - "But
I am so glad to see him up - He says he is
going out. I hope he will be careful.
Mr. Stanton is dead. I suppose I will
stay to funeral. I hope she will come some
time tomorrow. Oh - I wish I had
a little extra energy. I don't feel spirited.

Wednesday evening - Ruth is dead!
She died Monday night - I was buried this
afternoon. I wish I had gone to see her -
Oh - why do I put off such things - until it
is too late. She is not well enough to
come over - she is under the Dr.'s care -
I am very anxious about her.

Sept. 21st - Thursday night - This morning I
arranged Ellen's package - letters, & all -
I was just in time for R. to take it -
About noon - the "milkman" brought me a
letter from R. I gave it - a cordial greeting.
There was lots of news. Poor R. is no better.
I saw "R." on his return - I never knew that
such a smile - could play over his features. It
was irresistible. There is a noble soul there
only he wills it - to remain in, love.

Friday night - Had a delightful walk
to the village - this afternoon. The atmosphere
was of crystal purity - making the gift of
sight - doubly precious. Oh - the water - views
were lovely. I thought of bygone days - when
this was my daily walk - & some sad thoughts
were mingled with my pleasure.

Carrie came during my absence. George
is hurt - but I hope not seriously.

Sunday night - Have just finished
my History. I most heartily wish there was
another volume. I cannot bear to
give it up - it is so intensely interesting.
I think Macaulay the most impartial historian
I ever read. Every character is so distinct -
so life like - that you seem in intimate connection

with every one he brings forward. Not
only the pure acts - but the hidden motives
are unfolded with unerring precision. This
is no collection of dry details, but a live
History! & as you read you live.
Oh! I want Prescott's work now.
But - I fear my wish will not be gratified
Sept 28th, Thursday night. A letter from A.
tonight. Poor thing - the Dr. advises her to
have that bunch taken out. Oh - will it
benefit her - I am all anxiety about her
now. She writes hopefully - but I fear she
conceals the worst. I wish I could help
her - Henry B. came in this afternoon
with two letters for me. The sight of
one - awakened sad reflections. I long for
some intelligence - yet dread & scorn the
thought of it. I wonder if I could act
decidedly if we were to meet again. I
fear not. But I would, though, ^{in the effort} every
feeling should be crushed to live no more.
I would far rather become a misanthrope
than - but no matter. Enough of this
I must turn my attention to something else.

Oct. 1st, Sunday eve. This afternoon
I was much surprised by a visit from
Willie. She brought letters from H. a
note from C. I gave them a cordial
welcome. But unpleasant incidents marred
my pleasure. Oh - for a more confident
independent spirit. The "Cattle Show"
was a grand affair. I wish I could
have heard the oration.

It is raining! & the wind has a wizard
sound - as it sweeps by. The evenings of Sept 1st
& Oct 1st - are much alike.

I am so anxious about A. Oh - I want
the operation performed - but will it benefit
her? She writes that Chr. Anderson of the Phalanx
has a similar one - but that it cannot be
helped - I am so sorry.

Thursday night. A. has come at last. I
am very glad to see her. I wish H. was
here too.

Thursday night - Father finished work bright-
Mother is quite sick & strong. I fear for
her - & A. will be obliged to go home
tomorrow. What shall I do - if Mother is
worse, for A. is no better. R. brought a
note from Carrie. Lizzie & Hannah are no better.
How wretched they must feel. Oh - dear - who will
be sick next? I hope Mother will be
better soon.

Sunday afternoon. Oh - dear! A. is
going home - Mother is no better. The
Dr. has seen her - says she is threatened
with the pleurisy - I am anxious about her
I fear me - No to be left here alone with
her - & father is his present mood.
What shall I do - everything seems so gloomy.
I am discouraged completely - I yet - I
must - not - be -

Monday night - Mother is more comfortable
father has been to the City today, returned in
a pleasant mood. I am thankful,
Lydia Hervey is really coming to teach school
here this winter. I wonder if our friendship
will be renewed. I would like to have it - so
but - I fear, A. has been very busy spreading
the news of Mother's sickness. I hope no serious
results will follow. How many many annoyances
we have to contend with.

Thursday, night. Mother seems rather better -
I can breathe with a little more freedom. But I am
far from feeling easy now. Early this morning I came
over with a letter for Carl - but father could not go to
carry it. Lydia A. is dead! died yesterday.
I cannot realize it. Never shall I forget that
delightful day I spent ^{with Carl} at her home. Carl too
I think will remember it - & she is gone!!
I am going to copy a piece of poetry by J. P. Dix
I like it very much - I find it in "Bungay"
book. I find a description of Smith in the
tribune. I am disappointed - for I could
not imagine him cross-eyed. yet so it is.
& Harry Fern - is certainly a widow. I would
like to become acquainted with her.

"These verses were penned one dreary night, in
a bare room, almost within the shadow of Westminster
Abbey, the great bell of which was booming twelve
o'clock over the great wilderness of London, whose
dull mysterious roar sounded even then.

Lo! Tomorrow

Tomorrow,
Sweet day - from whose perpetual dawn
Hells of Life's little light we barrow; -
Veil of the future yet undrawn! -
Hope's own blue, beautiful Tomorrow!
Day ever rising - never risen!
Time ever coming - never come!
Thou who dost patent the soul's dim prison
With landscapes of Elysium,
Still peeps thy morning star behind,
Though sorrowful Today is glooming;
And o'er the vexed tempestuous mind
The thunder-peals of thought are booming!
When the heart to its black depths is sick
Still in each pause of raging sorrow,
A voice - a soft, sweet voice is heard!
'Tis thine - the sky-lark of Hope's heaven, Tomorrow!

What hoards of happiness - to be,
Lie somewhere in thy secret keeping!
Age keeps, as keeps a sunny sea -
The rich wrecks in thy bosom's keeping!
But - but in but expected pleasures,
Earth's millions wait & watch thy dawn;
As well the owners of those treasures
Might wait to see the deep gulf yawn,
And give them back their gold! Oh! when
That burial-vault of wealth shall open,
Then shall the soul - & not till then,
Unfold the landscape of thy dream, Oh! Hope

Like some bright host with untried powers,
Bright - marching ~~with~~ the morning sun,
Started Today, with all its hours,
Prepared a bright career to run;
Like that lost army, madly striding
The battle-field the day is done;
From all that field's dumb death & ruin,

But one voice heard - & that - a dying one;
Such this To-day's last hours - now taking flight,
With all their hopes & aims & prospects bright,
And purposes sublime to everlasting night!

Then wherefore hail a ~~day~~ new born,
As though upon its soundless wing,
Some doom into life's Ark forlorn
The Olive-branch of Peace might bring?
No Eden bird, this Phœnix emblem!
The stormy Petrel's mine might form,
That builds no nest, but fluttering - trembling,
Lives out at sea, & fights the storm!
Screaming its sad song over the abyss,
Heard but by men distressed & as this,
Lost on the world's dull ear, may reach lone misery!

" " "
Lines - by Lowell!
Then swelled the organ up through choir & nave,
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of this at its own grandeur; wave on wave
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air trembled with the throb it gave;
Then, pausing for a moment, it stood still,
And sunk & rose again, to burst in spray,
That wandered into silence far away." Beautiful

Oct 4th Saturday night. Received a note from
H. today - by Mary Wood (now R.) She is getting
better though slowly. I wish I knew the Dr.'s opinion
of her situation. I sent despatches to H. this
morning, expected a reply, - but - was disappointed.
Præterit H. is to be buried tomorrow. I wish
I could see her - I wish I could have her
daguerotype as she used to look. I think
she was superior to either of the "cousins". I
wonder if Carl has come. Mother seems
to be a little better. It is raining violently.
10th Sunday night. Oh - must this continue?
Would that I had never seen these ungenial
days. I am weary weary. Oh Mother! Oh -
she will weary herself almost to death.
Oh father! why must these unpleasant moods thus
mar our happiness? Surely you would not deepen

the curse that has thus far embittered that poor child's life. & not only ~~will~~ she, but your own child will suffer - for increasing ^{an} others cares - is no way to alleviate her own.

Oh. why will people destroy their own happiness. Life's dark side comes up gloomily before me now. all is gloom. & I fear Mother's anxiety will kill her. Oh. I must nerve myself to bear all this - & much more - for I feel that it will come. I all from thoughtlessness - & cruelty. Oh - I am weary. I am weary! V. Night - stormy darkness without - & I care. Still oppression within. Oh - Life! Oh - Day!

16th Monday night. I have written to A.!

Father seems pleasant today - but not-natural somehow. I grieve for A. - for Mother. Oh - how dark Life seems now. Is there - is there - away in the future - one peaceful scene for me? It seems doubtful - all is so troubled now. But - it is not for myself I care - but Mother & sister - God pity them.

24th Tues night. Can it be possible - that a week has passed since I have written any thing. Domestic prospects - have brightened. Mary is still here - for that note I did not go. Mother is better. She sits up again. I am thankful for so much enjoyment.

I received a letter from H. the other day - stating that Mr. Brown was going to leave his school, no particulars yet. I wonder who will succeed him. Mr. Elfrigg has really removed. I am sorry. The Lyceum commences tonight - General Phillips lectures, I believe.

I wish I could attend. Vain wish? A. is getting better - though slowly. R. brought a note from her tonight.

I am reading the 'Odyssey' first volume nearly finished. I like that part where Odysseus relates his adventures with the Cyclops. There is some of the spirit of the Iliad there.

I feel stupid tonight. I wish I had a federal stock of energy at my disposal. But I believe I have none of any description.

24th Wednes - eve " Visitors this afternoon. Mrs. A.
I Aunt^m Able. I was in something of a dilemma
from which, fortunately, their departure relieved me. Father
went to the city - ~~the~~ today - bought a quantity of
medicine - I hope it may prove a profitable
investment. Mother seems quite like herself now.

Sunday night. I have to record a day of
disagreeable. Oh, may there be no more such.
I never again want to witness such a "scene" as
our breakfast table presented. Oh - my stormy birth-
day - was a true prophet. The gloom deepens -
as I proceed - poor Mother - I is almost helpless
again. It is my anxiety for her, that alone sustains
me - Oh - may my strength be sufficient.

Nov. 5th Sunday night. "R" spent the forenoon
here. So I conclude this will be a reception week.
Mother is gaining slowly. No news from the city -
this week. Lydia has commenced her school -
I have not seen her yet. I have finished the
'Odyssey'. I like it, much better than I thought -
I should. It is deeply interesting. It has not
it is true, the fiery enthusiasm of the Iliad. But much
of that matchless invention is displayed in the Odyssey.
Since reading Homer, the Grecian Mythology has assumed
a far more distinct character in my mind. I can now
appreciate its beauties - for there is much that is
beautiful - blended with its absurdities. I am
at least afraid I shall be obliged to keep the books
until Carl's return. I don't like it - though.

11/6/54 Monday - This morn - Lydia brought me
a note from Jennie. Lp. seems much as in older
times. She is coming to see me - she says.
I am uneasy about J. I request - I want to comply
I don't want to - either.

11/9/ Thursday eve - Lydia called for a return note for
J. Tomorrow Capt - J. & family intend
sailing. Oh - may their voyage - be a prosperous one,
with two children - I am anxious about them.

Friday night - Capt - J. is fast yet -
A storm seems gathering. I went to the hall
to see the departure but it was postponed.
I think they will not sail before next week
(now).

Nov. 13th. Monday night—What a storm!

Since Saturday it has rained & blown. The surfs roar in the distance like thunder. I wish that I lived by the sea side now. I believe there is more sympathy in 'old ocean'—than in the 'waving forests'. Of late, my childhood's home has haunted my sleeping & waking dreams—why—I know not—for I have tried to banish such thoughts. But afar in the distance childhood's ringing tones are blending with the sea's deep music, & as I listen—a pelted longing takes possession of my soul, & the Present—with all its manifold duties lies forgotten. The charmed Past has a witchery—a power that leads this wayward spirit—beyond that control of reason. "Ah, what bodes the Future?"

Wednesday eve. Another call from 'R'. Making three visits this week. He brought me a ~~sparkle~~ from A. She is better. The "Willow affair" I believe is settled—Father having engaged the house & land if it is sold. Yesterday I saw the new ship leave. I sincerely wish them a voyage of pleasure & profit. Long ere this Sarah has tried the melodies of 'old ocean'. I often wish I could. Perhaps were my wish gratified I might regret the trial, though it don't seem so now.

The late elections have proved a "know nothing" affair altogether. Massachusetts rejoices in a general election of "know nothing" candidates. The result of all this lies concealed in the future.

Friday night. 'R' called this eve—with the intelligence that A. has gained her ~~case~~ 'Cause'—I rejoice for her. I am anxious for more definite particulars. A weight seems removed from Mother's mind. "For my own part—

I can scarcely credit the good news. Justice is so often defrauded of her rights—that it seems almost impossible for it to be otherwise in this case. But may we be grateful for all these blessings & learn to appreciate them rightly."

Saturday night. Mother went to the city this afternoon. He confirms the good news relative to A. I am anxious now about her health. If that was only good! But I will hope.

Nov. 19th Sunday evening. A letter from A. Wright, accompanied by a parcel from Carrie, which proved to be a note & two ~~letters~~ of herself. I read the note before examining them which explained some what - the mystery. Oh I wish - Oh I wish that I had Carrie safely here again. Somehow it has ever seemed as if I must shield her, & now more than ever I feel this care. Something is wrong. I can not ~~possibly~~ guess it - but there is ^{yet} some mystery connected with it all. Oh how I long to take her away from there - for she is not understood there. I cannot help thinking of her. I wish I could be with her. She is so beautiful. In her present situation she is surrounded by dangers - I cannot bear to have her so. But there seems no help for it at present. I can only write to her.

Tuesday eve. Lyceum night! I wonder who lectures. Lydia has been spending the evening here. She is much the same as of old. - It is I that has changed. She has been a pupil of Mr. Hurd's. I almost envy her that happiness. I wonder if she will call again very soon.

Friday night. L. called tonight - for an umbrella. Mr. P. brought me a ~~note~~ letter from H. I hope she will come next week. I wish the vacation was longer. She attended the lectures - Bookman has made his advent among them again. I should like to see him unobserved. School prospects well. Mr. Cornish succeeds admirably, as yet. G. Cranston has painted his own portrait & presented it to Mrs. Lawton. I should like to see it. Oh - I wish I could visit the city - just for a few days.

Saturday night - F. Mother is not so well today. Rheumatism more in her chest. I fear it is going to be as bad as ever. Oh dear! I believe Carl has come - I think I saw him pass. I wish these books were at home. I want to see him very much. Will he come? I am in one of my "Oh dear!" moods - tonight. I cannot shake it off. I long to see H. - I hope Mother is not going to be worse - but I fear. The wind has a dreary sound. I wish I felt less stupid. I wish James were completed. But alas! they're not yet begun.

Nov. 26th Sunday eve. Oh, I am restless tonight. Thoughts of the Past - Present - & Future float in mingled confusion through my brain. Earth seems very lonely - but Fate is weaving her blighting spells about my pathway. Oh, despondency! why phantom-like dost thou pursue me? I despise myself. I have neither energy nor determination. I drift in dreams - life glides from me - at intervals I awaken - & when the startling truth of wasted time flashes on my clouded mind - I regret, despair, & resolve - but that passes - another dream succeeds - & thus life hastens away - away - whither? - Great God! Oh, whither?

Twenty-one years passed into Eternity - what a thought - what a painful thought - that they have been wasted. 'Tis agony to call up mispent hours.

But why do I not improve the Present? Alas! alas! the Present will soon become a part of the Past - with the same inglorious record stamped upon its pages. Some Demon binds me - & vain are my struggles to be free.

27th Monday night. I have been on the "lip of expectation" all day - for this morning Mrs. Dockham called - & said H. was coming ~~xxx~~ today with R. who had just gone over. I could hardly credit it - but still thought there might be some truth in it. The day has passed however & H. is not here. I don't expect her now until after Lyceum. L. called this morning - I have lent her 'Milton' I hope she will like it. Mrs. H. was here yesterday. She has offered to procure the 'Scottish Chiefs' for me. I wish very much to read it. Poor Mother is threatened with another attack of Rheumatism in her stomach. I feel very anxious about her. I wish I knew of something to relieve her. Oh, I am so ignorant - & there's no one to apply to for instruction. I am almost discouraged. Oh, I am weak & inexperienced - in fact good for nothing that I ought to be. Oh, my poor dear Mother - what a sufferer thou art. Is there no way of relief? Oh, that it was well. & was here perhaps she might do some good.

It is hard - it is hard to see a loved one suffer - & be unable to relieve them.

Nov. 28th. Tuesday eve. Oh. the raven wing of sickness again broods
low over our dwelling. Mother is worse. It is indeed distressing.
Oh. the night is lovely. Dear dear H. thoughts of you &
past-enjoyments almost-unnerv^e me. Life's ~~dark~~ atmosphere
seems charged with gloom tonight. Oh. that the ~~dark~~ clouds
would part - & allow one gleam of Hope's sunshine to gild
their dark depths. But enough of this - the stern Actual
demands every thought.

Thursday eve. Dec. 7th. More than a week since I
have written a word here. How has it passed - let
Memory review. Just one week ago - today - 'H.' came -
& a visit from her is always an Era in my life. After
she came, Mother continued to grow worse. & after
the first night - I was obliged to sleep below. Oh. if
Mother could only have been comfortable - what a pleasant
time we might have had. Yet it was pleasant - for
~~that~~ it is always an inexpressible happiness to me to be
near H. even though all outward demonstrations of ~~joy~~
^{enjoyment} be denied us. Then she brought some books.
Among them a vol. of Tennyson's Poems. From the
chimney I had of it. I think that to appreciate
it fully one should read it in solitude. But the
Portrait of Tennyson! I cannot describe it - ~~but~~ it is
poetry imaged. I could gaze on it for hours.
Last ~~Friday~~ ^{Monday} night - was wild & stormy. There came one peal
of thunder - so long deep & rumbling - that it seemed almost
interminable - I almost expected some terrible crash to
succeed - & stood with a strange undefined thrill creeping
through my frame. H. experienced similar emotions -
& I saw ~~but~~ one flash of lightning afterward, but heard
no more thunder. Monday H. went home -
I will not say how I miss her - for I must not
allow myself to think of her so exclusively - especially now.
Mother is more comfortable - but does not sit up.
Carrie A. spent last Saturday afternoon here - H. & I
accompanied her part of the way home - delightful
moonlight - It has not come yet.
Among the books H. left was - "Master Humphrey's Clock"
by Dickens. I have read it & like it very much.
The style is very pleasing. She has lent me "Margaret", &
some of the Waverley novels. Whitcomb's Bards have
indeed given concerts in N. Bedford. H. attended -
also - at Fairhaven. She passed the night there.
Miss Curran intends going to Europe in the Spring 57

Dec. 28th. Thursday night. Father has just returned
from home with that intelligence of the death of Sophronia
Smalley. One of my best-scholars was she. Oh - who
among my fondly remembered ones is doomed to go next?
Gods they will miss her! God pity the mourners...
" " From two of my old school mates have I lately
received bridal cards, Laura L. & Sarah W. The
latter I think I earned. I have a Christmas gift-
from dear H. viz - Shelley's Poems. The book I have
so long wished for. Shelley has long been a ideal idol
he is now a real one. Last Sunday eve - I received
a loan of six books, from Mrs. H. They are "Memoirs
of Hannah More" in two vols - "Zenobia" or the
"Fall of Palmyra" in two vols. A copy of Ellis's
Poems & "Fashion & Famine" by Mrs. Stephens
This last - I have read aloud, it being of
an agreeable nature to my listeners. I like the book
very well. There are some delightful descriptions of
Scenes & scenery in it. But - it has not the deep
satisfying interest - that Mrs. Gaskill's "North & South"
has! I am so impatient - of a continuation of this
last - It is fascinating - yet so natural.
Mother seems not so well tonight. Oh - I must
bid 'Good night' - to writing.

Jan. 1st. Monday night. Another year begun!
I cannot - cannot realize it.

Oh, life seems sadder today. Mother is
worse. I hardly dare hope to see her better
in the morning. If she has a fit of sickness
now - in her present weak state, I fear for the
result. Oh, what can be done to avert it?
I wish she would consent to see the Dr. But -
she will not - I fear.

Jan. 2nd. Monday night. What a sad sad
week this has been. Poor Mother has become
much worse. Yesterday we sent for Dr. B. without
her knowledge. It was well that we did so, for
before he came there was very great - need of his
aid. I feared she would die. ~~Her~~ her efforts
for breath were so distressing. I hope I may never
see her in such agony again & be unable to relieve her.
She has been under the influence of spirits since
the Dr. came. She is more comfortable - but -
I fear the disease only sleeps. During that sad

time yesterday - He came. He remained in the outer
room. I went out shortly after for something. & such
a look - such an expression as those eyes wore. I never
met a glance like that before. It thrilled me. It
was so mournfully tenderly sympathizing. I knew not
that he was so easily moved - all his sturdiness vanished.
The expression haunts me still - it was so strange for
him to manifest emotion of any kind.
"I am reading 'The Hall of Palmyra' It is deeply
interesting. I have also another paper of 'North
& South'. It is as fascinating as ever. I have
read Willis's Poems. But there are a few extracts
which I believe I will write here

Extracts - from 'Khalanah'
I stood on yonder rocky brow,*
And marvelled at the Pythia's fane,
When I was not what I am now.
My life was then untouched of pain;
And, as the breeze that stirred my hair,
My spirit - freshened in the sky,
And all things that were true & fair,
Lay closely to my loving eye,
With nothing shadowy between -
I was a boy of seventeen.
Bon wandrous temple crests the rock,
As light upon its giddy base,
As stillness with the tempest's shock,
As pure in its proportioned grace,
And seems a thing of air, at then,
Afloat above this fairy glen;
But though mine eye will kindle still
In looking on the shapes of art,
The link is lost that sent the thrill,
Like lightning, instant to my heart -
And this may break before we die
The electric chain 'twixt soul & eye!

Ten years - like yon bright valley, I saw
Alternately with mists & floods -
Climb softly if not gaily, I know,
And still I loved the rose hours,
And if there lurked within my breast
Some nerve that had been overstrung
And quivered in their hours of rest,

Like bells by their own echo rung,
I was with Hope a masquerade,
And well could hide the look of sadness.
And, if my heart would not forget,
I knew at least the trick of gladness,
And when another sung the strain,
I mingled in the old refrain.

I was idle to remember now,
Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes,
I bear beneath this altered brow
The ashes of a thousand dreams.
Some we

From Wordsworth,

There was a time when meadow-grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light;

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore.

Turn whereso'er I may,

By night, or day,

The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes;

And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth, with delight,

Look round when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know,

Where'er I go,

That there hath passed away, a glory from the earth.

"The Bosphorus."

"We commenced ascending rapidly between shores of unrivalled loveliness, where Art & nature, Taste & chance, have for once combined to finish pictures worthy of Paradise. The deep blue stream flows between them, reflecting Grecian castle & Turkish kiosk, cypress grove & flower garden; saddened by the constant flight of birds, the splashing of the glitter of fish. Naples fades in the comparison; Rio Janeiro, the first-view of which repays the tedium of an the voyage, only surpasses it in the splendor of a sea-approach the privacy ends. Each time we row up the Bosphorus, it is, therefore undiscovered, elicit fresh admiration."

"Most great men have been nurtured in the midst of pain, destitution & contradiction. The antelope will not in gardens, but the acorn is cast carelessly abroad in the wild soil it nourishes itself and rises to the thinner & wilder your soil, the tougher & more your timber, though also the smaller."

at-mood, when pleasant-thoughts
thoughts to the mind."

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I was with Hope a masquerade—
And well could hide the look of sadness.
And, if my heart would not forget,
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1 - birth day -
lived . . . Oh Mother,
from I saw crouching
Death . . .

From Wordsworth.

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The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

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"Most great men have been nurtured in the midst of isolation & pain, destitution & contradiction. The antelope will not grow except in gardens, but the acorn is cast carelessly abroad in the wilderness, yet on the wild soil it nourishes itself and rises to be an oak. The thinner & wilder your soil, the tougher & more iron textured is your timber, though also the smaller."

"In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring soft thoughts to the mind."

'Extract' from a Lecture by Mary M. Close.

"In your writings keep close to the realities of life. Truth is stronger than fiction and infinitely more lovely. Imagination is a priceless gift, yet, like the fire-spirit, it is a good servant, but a bad master. It is enough for fancy if she be allowed to catch & hold up to the sun the crystal droppings of the robe of him who hideth at the bottom of a well, — pure, holy, Truth! It is not enough for you to place on my table an exquisitely tender & graceful essay on the Beautiful. You must note down its bearings on the great-business of Life, & tell me of what-use is this fine perception of Beauty. Have a visible aim in all your writings. You should think to the point, speak & act to the point, then write to the point. When you go into the peaceful country, & lie on the lap of Mother Earth under the forest-trees, reflect that the mass beneath you — is in every fibre a marvel, & no one can tell whence comes its seed; & that the tree against which you lean is the perfection of architecture, but none have seen the hand that fashioned its shaft — & spread the vaulted arch of its boughs.

"Oh, soul! thy faith hold fast!
Let friendship wither, and let love depart;
But this strong anchor of the shipwrecked heart
Shall save at last."

"Task not the untoward future! mortal vision
May ne'er discern the secrets of a day;
Live only in the present; the elysian
And mournful paths are tangled in our way."

Trust not ambition, ever forward reaching
To the unknown — the unattained below;
List to the gentle Spirit's holy reaching;
Seek not the treasure — 'Garnered gold is woe' ..."

"Hours are golden gifts — God's tokens
Reaching heaven —; one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done"

The Heaver.

A weaver sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging the shuttle fast,
And a thread that would last till hour of dawn,
Was added at every cast.

His warps had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright-~~est~~ new.
Like threads which the ~~morning~~ ^{morning} unbraids from the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers,
In the rich soft-~~and~~ web were bedded,
And hither to the meadow sped onward the hours -
Not yet ^{were} ~~by~~ time's feet headed.

But something there came, slow stealing by,
And a shade o'er the fabric fell,
And I saw that the shuttle less hither did fly,
Nor thought hath a wearisome spell.

And the thread that - over the warp was lain
Was a melancholy gray
And anon I marked there a tear drop stain,
Where the tears had fallen away.

And dark and darker still - & darker grew
And darker green each leafy garden tree
Each newly woven thread
And deep purple & death tinted hues
And some were of a death mocking hue
And some of bloody red...

And things all strange were woven in
Sighs; down crushed hopes - & fears
And the web was broken - & poor, & thin
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver would fain have flung it aside
But he knew it would be a sin,

So in light-; & in gloom - the shuttle he plied
A weaving those life cords in.

And as he wove & weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh,
And with glazing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye.

He upwards turned his eye to heaven
And still wove on - on - on -
Till the last-last-cord from his heart was ruin,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw about his shoulders bowed
And about his grizzled head,
And gathering close the folds of his shroud
Lay him down among the dead

And after I saw in a robe of light -
The weaver in the sky!
The angel's wings were not more bright -
And the stars grew pale it nigh!

And I saw mid the folds all the iris-hued flowers,
Which beneath his touch had sprung
More beautiful far than the stray ones of ours
Which the angels have to us flung!

And wherever a tear had fallen down
Gleamed out a diamond pore.
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown
Were the footprints left by care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh
Breathed out a rich perfume!
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the skies
Showed the labor of sorrow and gloom.

And then, I prayed when my last work is done,
And the silver life cord given,
Be the stain of sorrow, the deepest one
That I bear with me to Heaven.

Harriet Forester.

1855

We had a lecture from Mr. Bigelow - on Manifest Destiny. I was very much pleased with it. & also some of the Declamations, especially Mr. Chas. I like his firmness & energy, ~~very~~ it is apparent in every thing he does. Last Wednes. came compositions. I hardly know how I got through with mine. If it had been much longer I could not have finished it. Some of the productions were excellent, equal I think to the Seniors.

Today I have felt rather easier ~~in~~ during recitations. I did not fail in demonstrating my Geometric Problems as I did ~~xxx~~ before. & arithmetic was a pleasure. I know it might be always so - but I cannot always feel socially inclined.

Apr 17th "Tuesday eve" I am sitting alone in my room. The aspect of Nature bears a strong resemblance to my own feelings so darkly & fitful is its aspect. Another friend flower has bloomed in my pathway & left me alone again. Why are these constant meetings & partings? & she ~~will be~~ on the water tonight. I fear it will storm. I am anxious about her.

Later, I have been out for a walk - with Sarah. The grass is quite green - & the busy gardener gives an aspect of life to the scenes. "It is raining - & the wind blows in gusts. I think of Hannah - (as I shall henceforth call her,) I hope - no accident will happen to them. I wish for her sake that it was pleasant.

Tomorrow comes the Seniors compositions. I am thankful that it is not our class - but next Wednesday will soon be here - & then, I don't know but Mr. Conant, will think me careless - for I did not enter school this afternoon until the second hour, or rather was fifteen minutes late - & did not go up stairs until my reading class went, did. Sarah says he inquired (when school commenced if I was sick. I could not go one minute earlier though - & he is welcome to think what he likes. " This afternoon he arranged the electric battery - & performed many interesting experiments - among them - was electrifying the whole school who joined hands in a circle around the room. So much for school affairs. I received a letter from H. this morning, I can truly say - it rescued me from despair, - for I had just given up all hope. H. reports - a letter from Brookfield also that J. Aiken's family have removed to the city - this is rather strange news. Mr. Dockham has returned - but is not going to stay long. His wife is going back with him. I wonder where Lizzie is - " Oh, dear how much there is to endure - I have found it so today, I hope tomorrow will pass more pleasantly,

April 18th Wednesday afternoon ... just returned from a walk to Sprague's hill. It has been truly delightful. Nearly all the 'Normals' went - we met at the school building & at Mr. Lincoln's suggestion & under his 'command' formed & proceeded. It is the first conversation I have had with any of the gentlemen. Several of them have been quite social this afternoon. Mr. Wals is rather an original genius - but I like him. & his recitations are truly grand. I like him best in his character of "Spartacus". But enough of Normals. Now for the place itself. It is said to be the highest land in Plymouth county - & the observatory itself is nearly one hundred feet in height. I think ^{the view it affords} it is a lovely one indeed. One can almost distinguish the blue sea in the distance - I should ^{think} they could in a very clear day. Half the party ascended at one time, as there was not room for them all at once. Then we met in a lovely part of the grove - where there is a platform with seats &c &c - It is a lovely lovely place. Here we had recitations & singing ... & now we are at home. I have enjoyed the walk much better than I anticipated.

19th Thursday ~~afternoon~~ night. Have just returned from Mr. Conant's. There was quite a company assembled. Nearly all the Normals. I did not - could not enjoy it. There is too much false aristocracy among some of the members. There seems no heart-felling - Miss Robbins left today I believe she is not going to return. & "Spartacus" ~~has~~ - has gone, & on account of his health too. Poor fellow! I fear "division B" will not sustain its ~~reputation~~ reputation if its choicest spirits forsake us. ^{this} & he truly did much for the good name of the class. He is the only one in school that I feel at all acquainted with - & he is gone - strange fatality seems to attend my acquaintance with any one here. I think I understand Miss Sampson better tonight than I ever have. I think I shall like her very. But Oh, I am so lonely here. Can I - can I stay here, it seems impossible. I cannot feel natural any where. I long for home quietness. Oh, Normal life is anything but agreeable to me. I never never shall enjoy it. I feel chilled & shivery when I am in that building. I cannot help it - though I cannot define the feeling. Oh, I am restless. unhappy. I wish I was good as Hannah wishes me to be. Last night there was a thunder shower. It was not very severe here - though the sound came like a voice from the Past, & the lightning was to me & like a friendly glance.

April 21st ~~XXXXXX~~ Saturday eve. Sitting here in the sitting room
with Sarah - Mrs. Gould - gone out. I am tired - very tired -
for all this afternoon - or from 3 - until 4 o'clock. I have been
on my feet. We met at the Normal again this afternoon & went
to walk. The Iron Works having been decided upon as ~~our~~ our
destination - we formed & proceeded. The route was very
pleasant - a part of the way across fields - "As the Works were
not in operation - or but a part of them we did not remain
there long - We however visited one apartment - in which
was a weighing apparatus - one after another was weighed - but
I resisted all invitations & kept out of the way - but at
last as all the members of "Division B" except myself
had ascertained their value in pounds - & the united weight was
wanted, I consented & added me 125^{lb} to the general stock.
After leaving this spot - we passed the waterfall & up a
hill - then crossed the hill - when Mr. "L" & Corbett joined us
I do not exactly fancy Mr. "L" - After walking a short
distance - Mr. Lincoln illustrated a problem in Geometry - by
drawing it on the ground - & gathering an explanation from
one & another. Then passing on to the corner - we
halted - & enjoyed a general converse. Then commenced our
walk homeward - It was very pleasant - the air was almost
crystal in its purity, & it was deliciously cool. I felt
rather comical when I found Mr. "L" bent on taking our
direction. He did however - but received no invitation
in. I don't exactly know how to take him. I like &
dislike him. But enough - There are many very
many lovely scenes - along the route we took today. I
wish I had more time for enjoying them. But only think
what will next term - be - Oh dear - I dread the
thought - of it all. I received a letter from Sam -
this morning - It has made me homesick in spite
of myself. I long to go home. "I long for rest"
Tuesday eve. I have been tasking my brain to find a
'something' to complete my composition. I dread tomorrow
& feel rather indifferent too. I hope it will be pleasant -
This evening I went out for a short walk with Miss W. Returning
we heard music. It was the Band in the hall - rehearsing! I
listened long enough to feel thoroughly homesick - & then came back.
How often Hattie & I have heard music & together enjoyed
it. Oh I long to be with her again. I long for a
letter - why don't one come? I don't want to get one as
Sarah did though - & find it meant someone else. "I
want more energy - more independence here. Oh dear!"

April 30th Monday night. Have just finished a letter to Hannah. I cannot express myself to her very freely yet. This morning, received a letter from Ange - This evening one from Carrie - & another from Sarah W. I hope I shall equally successful through the week. School has passed quite pleasantly today - but I believe I am nervous or something - my head seriously troubles me. I hope it will be no worse - for if it should be - how can I study. M. Conant - has given us the comfortable assurance, that in Physiology - we are each in turn to take charge of the class - & let him sit by & criticize. I wonder what new torment he'll think best to "get up" next. Sarah has the delightful anticipation of reading before the Lyceum next Friday eve. I am thankful it is not me. She went home Saturday. I hope to do the same - next Saturday. Oh dear - I feel uncomfortable - I think I'll retire & dream of Geometry.

May 1st Tuesday night. This has been a very uncomfortable day. The bones - almost - dragged. Poor Warren - I could not help pitying him. Mr. Howe finished his lectures this afternoon. This evening we went over to the fair. To me - the scene was amusing - decidedly. The dancing was very good. I like to sit & watch them & listen to the music. I don't think ^{you formed dumbbells into when in a dancing mood.} Dusham's ^{pecks} was formed for dancing. I am sorry I had any thing to do with that 'ice cream', it makes me almost - sick. Miss Shedd went Maying this morning in the rain. I hope I shall find some tomorrow. I am thankful it's Wednesday for I don't feel any thing like study.

May 2nd Wednesday afternoon. Have just returned from a walk - a normal walk. The Paper Mills - was our destination today. The excursion proved a very pleasant one - The process of Paper making is very curious. * Out of one door was a platform overhanging the pond & just on a level with the fall - it was truly lovely to stand & look out on the water, & so deliciously cool. The Saw Mills we also visited - & then a quantity of paper strips we collected & formed into uniforms. I think grey will be the normal color after this. The return was pleasant - though I think I prefer the former companion to the latter.

Poor Sarah, don't fancy C. I hope tomorrow's lesson - may pass off well, though I have some fears.

May 12th Saturday eve. A long time since I have written. I have been home in the time - Anticipations not equal to reality or rather they exceeded them. Last night Miss W. read before the Lyceum. Today she has been unusually bright. Mr. Otis - one of the Committee - came yesterday forenoon. I hope his going,

This afternoon Sarah & I after calling at the 'Normal' went to Walkburn's Pond. The water scenery thrilled me. & while sitting on the pine tree steps, listening to the wind through the branches above me - blending with the pipit's music, - almost imagined myself at home - on my own loved sea shore. How I longed to be alone, then with Nature. The scenery around the Pond is lovely in the extreme. Here & there are wooded promontories - in other parts grassy points with numerous little bays. How pleasant to be in a boat - floating over its - lovely water. I have here on my table a sweet-bunch of unworn's - gathered from its banks. I cannot express how very dear they are to me. The Cherry trees are blooming - beautifully & the Horse Chestnuts are so refreshingly green. I long for a week of quiet - among these lovely scenes. Hattie, will come I suppose in a fortnight - soon after that - we are to have a week's vacation. My father is my greatest anxiety. I hope I shall hear from him soon. I fear for his health...

May 13th Sunday forenoon. I am alone in my room - sitting on the floor - with my book in a chair. The window is open before me - my eyes on a lovel with the trees & your grassy slope. How beautifully the trees look - their foliage - delicate & of various shades. Blending so harmoniously - yet each tree maintains its individuality, thought forming a part of so blended a picture. Bird music fills the air - & the drooping boughs - just keep time, to the sweet sounds.

Oh, this is a Sabbath scene - so like those at home - that it fills me with sadness, & longings to be there. I could not attend Church this morning - for my mind was too troubled. I have spent the time in useless tears perhaps - yet I feel that they have done me good. The Past will at times overshadow my spirit - like a heavy cloud, & is it not better when the sun shows - fall - & the dark mass - freed from its burden - rolls away - - then, when fresh life - it floats above us - with power to relieve its sullen gloom?

M. C. brought with him, this morning, a picture of his ~~the~~ place where his brother resides. & looking at that - first awakened my sad thoughts. A branch of the Susquehanna - a small village ^{on} its bank - a high hill in the rear - of the village - were the chief characteristics of the scene - but - Oh, it was so lovely in its quietness - The river, so still - the boats on its surface - all reflected in its calm depths - The trees & grass on the bank - among the houses - then the hill - The highest part - 300 ft. & almost perpendicular. This part forms a promontory around which the river bends so prettily. The whole hill is covered with magnificent trees, & on the summit - is a small building, for the purpose of observation. If ever I longed to fly to any scene, & bury myself in its depths - it was this. & now my spirit thrills & when I think of it

that forest-covered hill, & the calm river - below. Beautiful scene! may I yet, in reality look upon this.

It is nearly time for I to return from Church - & School. I shall be interrupted then. But never will the memory of this Sabbath morn - passed alone in my chamber - with all its varied associations - leave me. I feel that I am better for the mental struggles I have endured.

May 19th Saturday eve. Another item for thought! A letter from A. N. Cutting me of aunt Mary's arrival - & father's going to work - in the village. It makes me sad - yet I scarcely know why. For I know father will enjoy himself better - & for this sake I hope she'll stay. But little Betty! why was she left?

Oh, dear! I don't know what is best - circumstances are beyond my control - why should they grieve me so?

Poor Miss Borden! what sad sad intelligence was hers today. For all probability, her father is dead! Oh, poor girl! would I could help her. "Trials, trials!" how they multiply on every side. Who will be next by the Death's dark wand? Oh, God! in mercy - give us strength!

Last night, instead of going to the Lyceum - I went with Mrs. Gould, to see aunt Eunice.

I enjoyed myself very much there. It is a lovely place. She gave me a beautiful bouquet. Today I went down a few minutes with Miss W. & Sarah to see the moss-pinks by day light. Their beauty rewarded me for going. I am glad Harriet did not come today, for it has not been very pleasant. It is growing too dark to write.

We have had an exceedingly painful scene, in our Arithmetic class, in regard to the "abstract". Mr. M. I think must repent of his conduct. Mr. Warren, looked so pitiful - so hurt. I am

sorry indeed, that any thing of the kind, should happen, in our division. However, I think it has taught us all an excellent, though painful lesson. Wednesday - comes

composition. Oh dear! when I think of Mr. Clarke, last Tuesday - I cannot but wonder what should make him write that sad sad - subject. However dear it may be, how could he read it. But it was not read without emotion & effort. I have the explanation of that sad countenance now, but with all my sympathy, & regard - I cannot bring myself to be free with him.

South America, is being represented on the board again. I find it very difficult to get ~~it~~ all correctly.

Mr. Conant showed a few lines on mine today. I must preserve them.

May 23rd Wednesday afternoon. Just returned from a 'Normal' walk I reached home quite in advance of the rest. No doubt Mr. S. & presence, was especially noticed. I care not - though. " Miss W. & Mr. E. are really quite appropriate. " The walk was delightful Mr. Hewett preferring originality in walks, as in every thing else, chose to go on the rail road & surely it was much pleasanter! The scenery along the banks of the Taunton & indeed all around the Iron Works, is lovely indeed. After resting on the banks of the river awhile, amusing ourselves with making whistles - & studying Natural History, we proceeded to the 'Works', across the field - most of the party running races - I preferred walking. The 'Works' were in operation - & very interesting were the various processes. Nail making is a very novel & interesting operation. I could have watched them all day.

May 28th Wednesday afternoon. It seems so strange that I have no more time for journalizing. It is a week since I have written. Many incidents have transpired in the time. Among them a visit from Harriet. She came last Friday evening, & until Monday morn. we did truly enjoy ourselves. (Mr. S. however was not well.) On Friday eve - we attended Lyceum, Sunday morn - went to the orthodox church, afternoon to the Unitarian. (The latter is a place to be remembered. Evening went to the cemetery - (mimes Miss W.) afterward went to take a look at the church by moonlight. But in my haste, I have entirely omitted Saturday. In the forenoon, she went to school with me, in the afternoon - to the Taunton R. evening - to the grove. Sunday noon, we walked to Washburn's pond. So I think we improved the time. I was only prevented, in giving up to loneliness - after she left, by the thought - of vacation. June 16th Saturday afternoon. What a long time since the above lines were written. There has been a vacation. I passed most of it at home. I can't say I was happy though; for there was too much on every side to sadden. I spent one night with Carrie. But all the time I could call really pleasant, I spent with Harriet. I wish I could see everything at home in beautiful harmony - then home would be a delightful scene to me - I can only hope to have it so in some future time. At present, I can only hope. I fear it will not stay through the summer - Oh dear. I wish father would be situated differently while I am away - I cannot bear the thought of having him there alone. Why did I leave home - & yet it seemed best - & father wished it. I must do the best in my power - & hope for better things than now surround me.

Wednesday, June 27th

Oh! how long it is - since I have written on these pages. & it seems much longer than it really is.

Truly this has been to me thus far - a year of sorrow. I will remember the "new year's" morning - with its dawn - sickness entered ~~the~~ our dwelling. Before the close of the month -

dear Mother was sleeping. Change after change followed - & now Sellie darling Sellie has passed away. My fears are realized; she was not for earth. Oh, how beautifully she looked in her statue like loveliness. How I longed to withhold her from the tomb. But I know it is best as it is. This world was not - ~~the~~ suited to the development of her character. It will unfold more perfectly and congenially in heaven. Good by - my little

July 3rd Sunday nearly 6. I have a few minutes of leisure,
I will therefore register a few events of the past week. Left Saturday in
fulfillment of a promise to Hannah; I went to Randolph. Almost
the first person I saw on arriving was Mr. Buckminster. He half-
recognized me, & afterwards, I guess found me out. I hope he
wont inform Harriet. I met H. at the depot & rode to her
cousin's Mrs. Holmes. They were expecting me. I like them very
much. There were Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Holmes. Mr. & Mrs. Kimball
from Bangor - in the family. Saturday night - H. & I. went to
walk through the village. I looked on her old home - with mingled
emotions. I cannot bear to tell her of mine now. Hers is a
beautiful situation. - A large pleasant family mansion. We did not
reach home until late. On Sunday - attended church in the morning
afternoon - lounged on the sofa - until tea-time - after that - went up
to Mr. Godley's church to the monthly concert. Then for variety
went down depot - for a walk. Called at Mrs. Dean's on our way
home for some water - received also ^{some} delicious strawberries. Mon. morn-
ing started for home ^{at} the same time Mr. & Mrs. Kimball left
for Boston. H.'s trunk by mistake went with them. As we
were considerably too early - we walked over to East Randolph
& back. I saw Mr. B. again at the Depot. Our ride
home was very pleasant - yet pleasant. School commenced rather
dragged that day. Sarah Wild's aunt came up at night.
I stayed until the morning of the 4th. That morning
I went up to Mr. Gay's & there received from Mary & Lydia
a lovely bouquet. Mr. came home with me. Mrs. C. treated
us - with 'ices' of home manufacture but very good. & for dinner
we had green peas - & Blane mung for desert. & Mrs. Pratt
& Gustavus - dined with us. & played & sung for us - so
sweetly. After dinner Mr. & Mrs. House. Mary H. Ellen B. & Salome H.
Everett H. Sarah Hannah. & myself - went to Sprague's Hill.
The speeches however were all over with, & nothing followed
but a little dancing to the music of two screeching violins. I was
glad to be on my way home from such an apology for a
pic-nic as this. After we reached home - Mrs. C. Mrs. P.
The two Sarahs H. & I went to ride. Went to the Adams
House - about four miles distant. It is quite a handsome
building & very extensive. Our ride was delightful. Returning
home by a different route - we wreathed the horse with green twigs
& gathered bouquets for ourselves. So passed July 4th, 1855.
July 6th was the anniversary of a day not to be forgotten
Dear Hattie I thought of you & the dear old Fort Prospect.
received also a letter from her - which only served to still
more endear the day. may it never be forgotten. 75

July 16th Monday night, Sitting in my chamber - not
entirely alone though. Edmund is sleeping ^{near} ~~by~~ me -
I did not attend school this forenoon - feeling neither strength
nor spirits. I fear I lost much though. Yesterday I attended
church all day. Towards sunset: H. & I. went to walk - we
being the only ones left at home. We passed up Cemetery St.
& then southwards & down Pleasant St. When we reached
home - we found Sarah there, & she went with us to see
the clouds - as it was just after sunset. "Never did a sunset
sky affect me more. I gazed on it until all around
me were forgotten. I felt as though a dear familiar voice
was calling me in sweet low tones. My spirits eagerly responded
to the call - & the voice breathed again - "How art - lonely, look
to nature for sympathy, for companionship. She will be
parent, brother, & friend, & ever at the sunset hour - will she
hold sweet communion with thee." A wild cry burst from
my soul - how shall I know this - what token may I see?
The voice seemed to say "look" - With intensity I gazed - & lo!
just below a crimson cloud - the crescent moon like a ~~silver~~ bow
of promise - shone calmly down on me. "Never did it wear
such an aspect to me before - a narrow silver bow! nothing could
be more perfect in its outline. I no longer doubted the
sweet vision. I returned home sad, it is true, but with my
sunset promise - shining like a star on my spirit

16th Aug. 25th Wednesday eve. Another change of scene! One
week of vacation gone & I & I in my dear old home in Dartmouth
sitting in my old place - writing! How many ^{many} times have
I sat - here until after midnight - reading or writing & how
strangely familiar it is to sit here now. I wonder if it seems
so to every one. When visiting the "old accustomed places"!

Wherever I look - I see familiar objects - but a painful
void is somewhere - everywhere felt. Dear remembered faces
flit about me - & expressions I cannot mistake, seem
graven on every ~~feature~~ ^{feature} of the past! The months I
have spent abroad seem like another existence - & now
I seem suddenly to have stepped into my former life-pathway
at the point where I first turned aside.

17th Friday night, Old trials come back again. I wonder
what makes Father so decided against company. I truly dread
the arrival of anyone - I hope E. especially won't come.
It is so unpleasant to feel thus in anxiety, & about such a
trivial thing. I almost wish myself back in Bridgewater - if
these petty annoyances are to continue. Oh dear!

I am nervous too. Trifling things are fast-becoming serious subjects. I am in no condition to be thus excited. My Vineyard excursion is to be given up too. Last night - I broached the subject - & was satisfied in regard to Father's opinion, & though he at length - said 'I had better go' - &c. I have sent H. a decided refusal. I know she will be disappointed - & so am I - but - I am glad it is settled. H. has partly concluded to go to Bath. I want her to go - very much - I would like to go with her - but it is not to be thought of. I received a letter from Hannah - last Wednesday. I long to see her. I don't think I shall be very sorry when school commences. Carrie came over Wednes. afternoon but - went home the next day - on account of the general ill-health of the family. Charles came over at night - he called there - He has changed very much - I should hardly have recognized elsewhere. But it is growing late - I must retire. I must visit in fancy my darling little room in Bridgewater - I wish I could see Hannah in reality. I wish also that I could have Hattie with me tonight. I suppose though even her presence will be deemed by Father an intrusion. Oh dear - What can be the cause of this strange fancy.

18th Saturday night. John has come this evening. But - Mary is not going home until Monday I think. 'Carl' called this afternoon. He came home today. Their closing exercises were very much like ours. Susan Craft - is there still - sick with a fever. I should like a long talk with 'Carl'.

Father brought me a letter from Hannah. I long to see her - I should have enjoyed Plymouth with ^{them} much I know. - My throat is very sore tonight. I cannot account for it. I hope it will be nothing serious.

19th Sunday night. Have finished a letter to Hannah. I hope she will receive it tomorrow night. Father does not seem to ^{relish} so many letters. I wish he had not quite so many peculiar traits; especially in regards to sociability. But it may be he is right. - & my ideas may be too strongly tinged with the world's opinion. - I am uneasy however for fear of company that - may prove disagreeable to him.

20th Monday night. Mrs. Howland. & Clara called this eve. Mrs. H. "thinks I'm improved" - what - imagination some people have. Well, I know I'm somewhat different - but not any better than I was before going to B. I feel more at ease in society - like to talk with people better - & I suppose appear to rather better (advantage) in the world's eye - but - I am losing, at least - a part of my originality in thought & feeling - & becoming more like the world in general. I don't wish to though - in any great degree.

I don't know, though - as I myself fully understand the nature of the change - I suppose it will be beneficial in the end. I may be my mind is becoming disordered "systematized" - if I may be allowed the expression. & I am aware there's need enough for that. I ~~am~~ know I have not made as many friends confidants - &c. at school - as most of the others have - but - though fewer - I love them more dearly. Hannah is thought - not a school-mate is a very dear friend - & Lydia & Mary - I am sure I think very highly of. Mary is too I like. But the majority of them I like to study at my leisure - & ^{more} by observation than by personal intimacy. They doubtless think me "odd" "not used to society" perhaps - & perhaps a little "bashful". I wonder if they are ever at all mistaken. & my teachers! no danger of my ever becoming a favorite with them - I am too reserved & (dull) for them. I might appear a different being to them all - but my perverse nature - delights in being misunderstood. Shall I ever change in this respect?

22nd. Wednesday night. Raining - though gently, I have had a indelible longing to see Hannah - today. I hope she is not sick. Oh - dear I can't help thinking of her. She becomes dearer every day. I have been writing to both her & Harriet - I am expecting the latter - next week. Though I half fear for her reception by father. Oh - may he be more social. It is late - & I ought to be in bed - but - I do not wish to go to sleep - I wait - a magic in the "autumn voices" that float up from the forest, & a cuckoo's note blends with them now - how they break on the silence of night, yet not at all harshly - they are full of music. Sad yet - sweet.

23rd. Saturday night. Alone now - F. has gone - but I am not sorry for I have become really anxious about Cornelia. She is no better. I went for her father today. I went for Lizzy I. to come and stay with A. while I should be absent. I walked over to the store & was quietly awaiting the stage, when Mrs. A. Smith entered - she was going to N. B. & kindly offered me a seat in her carriage, - by this means I reached there considerably earlier. (I am sorry Wm. has lost his trunk - I hope they have found it.) John was at work at Rodman's - while he went for a carriage - I went up to the house - & arranged my things. He & I were soon there with the carriage & I thought he was considerably disturbed - he did not give much rest to his feelings. The ride home, would I have been delightful had not my mind been full of anxiety - as it was.

however I could help enjoying the delicious freshness & clear beauty of everything. Every thing was as favorable as possible on our arrival, & it was but a short time before they were on their homeward journey - I do not think she could take cold - for she was completely enveloped in wrappers. I am anxious to hear from them.

A. it seems went to the Vineyard yesterday. I wonder if H. has gone. I received a letter from Hannah tonight. She is in Randolph - & well. Father did not seem at all

displeased when I gave an account of my day's adventures. I am thankful they terminated so successfully - If Cornelia receives no injury I shall be still more thankful.

Sunday. How strange it seems to spend the Sabbath here alone - yet it seems natural too. I cannot avoid the impression that Mother is here - I find myself almost in the act of speaking to her sometimes. How like the Sabbath of old this would be if she was here - yet who shall say she is not? yes - her presence must be arounds me. Oh Mother! wilt thou not be my guardian angel? Canst thou not watch over thy child.

Later. What makes me think so constantly of Hannah - & with such a longing to see her - I believe I love her better than ever.

What a difference between her & Harriet - yet how dearly I love them both. They are both necessary to my happiness yet in different ways. Harriet, indeed seems a part of my being - an invisible intelligence, so to speak - communicating the thoughts & feelings of each to the other - before any outward signs can be given! There is a complete spirit-union.

With Hannah I feel as though she was a dear sister friend that I loved tenderly - & felt a care over - but yet in spite of this - cling to - for protection myself. I cannot analyze the feeling I have for them. I have lately met with an extract - from Margaret Fuller - It is the embodiment - of a thought - I have often had - yet never hearing anyone ~~else~~ speak of it - I concluded it was better for me to conceal it - within. It seems though that M. ~~thought~~ thought it too & also expressed the thought - to the world. Here it is -

"It is so true, that a woman may be in love with a woman - and a man with a man. It is pleasant to be sure of it. because it is, ^{undoubtedly} the same love that we shall feel when we are angels, when we ascend to the only fit place for the ⁱⁿigors, where

"Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib."
It is regulated by the same law as that of love between persons of different sexes, only it is purely intellectual & spiritual, unprofaned by any mixture of lower instincts,

undisturbed by any need of consulting temporal interests; its law is the desire of the spirit - it realises a whole, which makes it seek in another being that - which it finds not in itself.

Thus the beautiful seek the strong - the mute seek the eloquent; the butterfly settles on the dark flower. "Why did Socrates so love Alcibiades? Why did Körner so love Schneider? How natural is the love of Wallenstein for Max; that of Madame de Staël for De Recamier, mine for —! I loved — for a time with as much passion as I ~~could~~ feel was then strong enough to feel. Her face was always gleaming before me, her voice was echoing in my ear; all poetic thoughts clustered round the dear image;

This love was for me a key which unlocked many a treasure which I still possess; it was the carbuncle (emblematic gem)! which cast light into many of the darkest corners of human nature. She loved me, too, though not so much, because her nature was "less high, less grave, less large, less deep" but she loved more tenderly - less passionately. She loved me, for I well remember her suffering when she first could feel my faults, and knew one part of the exquisite veil rent away - how she wished to stay apart - & weep the whole day. These thoughts were suggested by a large engraving representing Madame Recamier in her boudoir. I have so often thought over the intimacy between her & Madame de Staël.

Madame Recamier is half reclining on a sofa; she is clad in white drapery which clings very gracefully to her round - but elegantly slender form; her beautiful neck & arms are bare; her hair knotted up - so as to show the contour of her truly feminine head to great advantage. A book lies carelessly on her lap, one hand yet holds it at the place where she left off reading; her lovely face is turned towards us, she appears to muse on what she has been reading. When we see a woman in a picture with a book she seems to be doing precisely that - for which she was born; the book gives such an expression of purity to the female figure. A large window partly veiled by a white curtain - gives a view of a city at some little distance. On one side stands the harp & piano; there are just books enough for a lady's boudoir. There is no picture except one of De Recamier herself as Corinne. This is absurd - but the absurdity is interesting as recalling the connection. You imagine her to have been reading one of De Staël's books & to be now pondering what these gifted words of her friend can mean.... Everything in the room is in keeping. Nothing appears to have been put there because other people have it; but there is nothing which shows a taste more ^{noble &} refined than you would expect from the fair French woman. All is elegant, modern, in harmony with the delicate habits & superficial culture which you would look for in its occupant. M. F.

The Indian Summer.

Lo! the blessed Indian Summer visiteth the earth once more,
Spreads her violet-tinted pinions all the golden landscape o'er,
Shutting out the golden heavens, that have played above our eyes,
Like the flaming sword that guarded once the gates of Paradise,
Came the Spring, with flying footstep, up the darkly wooded hill,
Waking with a thrilling whisper all the echoes sleeping still, —
Wakening with a thrilling whisper echoes slumbering in the heart,
With a sudden palpitation — & a trembling ~~caress~~, causless start,
Came the Summer like a Victor, on a car of glory borne,
With a thunder-roll at even, & a clarion-blast at morn,
And a wild illumination, lightning up the living air,
Till our temples throbb'd with fever, & we fainted in its glare.
Then the Indian Summer floated towards us from the spirit-shore,
Stol'd in trailing azure vestments, such as Grecian mourners wore;
On her lip one shadowy finger, & a censer in her hand,
Whence a wreathing cloud of incense rose, & curtain'd all the land.
Oh, thou quiet Indian Summer, brooding o'er stream & hill,
I would thank thee for thy mission, bidding all the earth be still;
In thy hush the Autumn flowers, stand together pale & mild,
Helianthus in the hedgerows, purple aster in the wild.
And the busy, bustling creatures that amid the greenwood be,
The brown marmot in the bushes, & the squirrel on the tree,
Silent; gather in their harvests, & no more upon the winds
Come the whistling & the pringing of the soulless feathered kind,
They have satisfied their being, & they ask for nothing more;
But the restless, wayward spirit, turns its memories o'er & o'er,
Self-accusing — self-condemning — in its human discontent,
For the early Spring time wasted — for the Summer days misspent.
Lo! the earth hath grown repentant, & amid the holy calm
Goeth up her Miserere, her low, penitential psalm;
And with ashes on her forehead, where the roses lately pressed,
Hears the mass for the departed, whom she cherish'd on her breast.
I am standing in the forest — in the sunny forest-glade;
All around the drooping branches, cast a steady, motionless shade;
Far beneath the dim wood-arches the eternal shadows sleep,
Only o'er this little hillock doth the quiet sunbeams creep.
Earth! a loving, world-worn daughter comes, to lie upon thy knee,
Mother Earth, alas! there is none other now to cherish me;
I am lost — & I am lonely, like a birdling from its nest;
Back I come, with failing pinion, — silent Mother, let me rest!
Lo! thy cheek is cool & pulseless, — here, beneath the violet-sky
That seems stooping to embrace me, it is happiness to lie;
How the low winds softly murmur out their pity as they pass
O'er this lovely woodland hillock, toying with its vines & grass.

Ponder tall fantastic chestnut - how I watched it long ago,
 When into those uncouth figures its long arms began to grow;
 Thence I brought - my moss & pebbles, & beneath this old oak's shade,
 With a store of furnished acorns childish Babel structures made,
 Gazed with wonder at the heavens, traced with curious eye the clouds
 Heard the strange prolonged vibration of pine-tree swelling loud,
 Till I dropt my ferny mosses, & stood up with awe to hear
 The invisible musician speaking out his anthem near.
 Then I came with classic pages, heavy tomes for childish hands,
 Read them here with wild romances from historic eastern lands,
 Till Godomar's sacred voices seemed to people all the woods;
 Piping Fawns & Hamadryads in the shadows round me stood.
 Oft I came with bounding footsteps that befitted happy years,
 Came with mirth, but stayed in sadness, came with laughter, left in tears,
 For a sudden inspiration tumbled on my pallid lips,
 And before me stood revealed Nature's great Apocalypse.
 The unheard found solemn utterance, the invisible was seen,
 And a hundred ~~radiant~~ ^{radiant} pinions flashed the ancient-trees between,
 In that hour - all former memories left the spirit-undebled,
 And a temple was the forest, and a priestess was the child
 Thus my youthful soul was nourished, & the forest, day by day,
 With the beckoning of its branches called me to its depths away;
 Now with bowed & languid spirit back I come from fruitless quest,
 I have loved & I have trusted - silent-Mother, let me rest.
 Heavy head & throbbing bosom, burning cheek & shadowed eye,
 Nature's balm shall be your healing while within this wood I lie.
 Down amid you sheltered dingle what a saintly silence sleeps,
 Sweetly through the bending branches the undying music sweeps.
 But the heavy shadows deepen, while around the towering pines,
 Breathing still - from off the meadows slowly creeping up entwines,
 And the evening wind arises, sweeping through the arches dim,
 With a solemn intonation sounding forth its mighty hymn.
 Voices call me at the sunset, silver murmurs come & go,
 Through the crimson clouds of even flickering faces on me glow,
 Strange mysterious echoes answer, memories haunt me like a dream,
 And like unsubstantial visions real words & actions seem.
 Still I linger - silent-Mother! on thy lap I yet must lie,
 Till the lamps that watch thy slumber are all lighted in the sky,
 Till the gems thou nightly wearest glisten on thy holy breast -
 I have loved & I have trusted - Goddess Mother, let me rest! "

Mary M. Chase.

Extract - finished - Sept. 29. 1855.. Sitting alone in my
 chamber - in Oak Cottage. The vine leaves are peeping through
 the casement - "I love the vine! as though thou wert a
 part of my being!"

Sept. 16th Oak Cottage again! I have spent a week in N. B. I can say it was pleasant - though very much hurried. My clothes are still in an unfinished state. I fear many of them will remain so at present. Last Sunday forenoon H. & I visited the Fort. - Didn't quite reach it - however - for men & cows had prior possession. Another thing I have read Consuelo! That - strange strange book. Truly it is life unmasked. I know not what very serious objection can be made to it - since in real life we are obliged to be in the midst of such scenes - no less to be guarded against - because they are somewhat concealed. I frankly confess that I like the book & am certain that my morals are not injured by the reading. Consuelo's character - her noble strength & energy - her matchless genius! have inspired me with more enthusiasm than anything I have read for a long time, I may say since Margaret Fuller. I am now reading the sequel - Countess of Rudolstadt. I do not feel quite the degree of interest - as in the first ~~book~~ Consuelo itself, though I like very much. Last night came a letter from Hannah - it contained the painful intelligence of the death of a school mate Malvina Blanchards. Oh. how sad. How we shall miss her. I wish I could have seen her once more - though I never can forget her. How her friend Hattie will miss her - Oh - why must we part - so often to meet no more. I am sad when I think of returning to Bridgton & yet I could not give it up - without a struggle. What perverse beings we are - how uncertain in our emotions. I am far from feeling well & strong - I hope I shall be better - though my nerves are in an excited state & will be I fear until I go. I wish I could have one day of calmness. I have been to see Carrie. I hope she will come to see me today.

Tues 18th Carrie has not been ^{to see me} - I am so sorry. This is my last day of vacation. Tomorrow morning I leave for school. This morn - I walked from home over the river - then having forgotten something - went back - & then walked the whole distance to N. Bedford. My limbs were certainly weary - & when night comes I think I shall be willing to retire. There is a great deal to be done however - before I sleep. I wonder if I shall see Hannah tomorrow. Oh. I must not anticipate. My poor lonely father - I think of him.

Sept 25th. (Weds morn.) At school again! But how changed is everything. Nearly forty new faces & a new teacher - ^{new} even though it is Mr. Perkins. But I like him - & like also the school as well as ever - I wish though, that - I was a ^{junior} but with my present knowledge. I don't feel competent for everything, as some of them seem to be! There I must study, there is enough to do - at any time.

Oct. 6th. Saturday Eve. Sitting alone in my room. H. is practicing. The rain is pattering on the window - awakening mingled feelings of sadness & hope. (Oh, what an interruption!) She's gone though now - I can breathe again. Ambitious thoughts are struggling for the mastery tonight. I hardly know what first-~~aroused~~ them, I think though it was the sound of the storm. Oh I love it, this sweeping, majestic sound - it only wants the sea's deep organ tone, to complete the mighty harmony, to which my spirit ever yields in thrilling abandonment. Not a strain of which H. is playing - steals up through the pauses of the storm, there is a wild sweet mournfulness in it - so appropriate now - O, I wish she might play all night - I would gladly sit here listening alternately to her - & ~~the~~ Nature. "I had a letter from Hattie last night - brought by the P.M. himself. She writes in a sad strain - how I long to be with her. Oh - if she was with me tonight - listening to this combined melody. I feel a wild longing to be with her - which haunts me tonight - how we could enjoy this together."

Oct 2nd. Sunday Forenoon. Sitting in my room with Hannah. We are not going to Church this morning - as it rains. The rain is lovely however, so quiet and spring-like. It is a pleasure to see & hear it. I think of Dream Life & Hattie. I wonder where Father is today. Yesterday morning I saw him at the Depot, on his way to Aunt M.'s. I did not have presence of mind enough to ask when he was to return. I am so sorry. But he was in such a hurry that I could think of nothing. Oh dear! He brought me two Tribunes & 25¢. I can never be grateful enough for the vast amount, he does for me. I hope to repay him in part - though the part - may be small. I wish I could see him again... Yesterday afternoon - H. & I went to walk - we intended to go around the square but instead we turned from the street into the woods - & after crossing them found ourselves on the road to Scotland - a village nearly three miles from Bridgewater Centre - so as we felt in a travelling mood we continued on - reached the village & returned before six. It was pleasant - though not so pretty a walk as we usually have. For instance, last Wednesday afternoon, we went to the Iron works & returned on the Rail road. The scenery all around there was most beautiful - I never enjoyed a walk better than that. There is new snow now - I hope some of these evenings will be pleasant - for H. & I are intending

to visit the Pond - by moonlight - I hope we shall not be disappointed. During the last moonlight evenings we walked through Spoor's Lane - a lovely wood path or road rather. ~~And~~ when the trees form leafy arches overhead, I truly enjoyed that. & another evening also - at the grove. The latter was fairly ~~the~~ land - realized. I long for another walk now - to see the water ~~there~~ ^{so} prettily surrounded by woods - glittering ~~in~~ in moonlight.

Later. This has been a pleasant day - this afternoon. H. & I have spent in uninterrupted conversation - & the result, has been a better understanding between us - than I have ever anticipated. I think - I hope - I influence her very much as Hattie does me. One thing is certain - her interest - in education is aroused - & I think will never slumber again - If I can only benefit her by sympathy - by aid in any way - I shall be so happy. For I think her mind needs only cultivation to be a very superior one. I will not allow her interest - to fail while I am with her. I rejoice that - we can now feel that we have a common object - to be attained. The thought, will animate me as well as her; our minds are differently constituted - but I know, I feel, that - each may now influence the other for good. O may it be so - may we each comprehend life in all its earnestness - ~~at last~~ in all its broad & full completeness; & live up to a higher nobler standard than has hitherto guided us. There is a pleasure in looking out tonight - there is a mistiness in the atmosphere, that I like - it is a model of my life - nothing definite & certain.

Oct. 24th. Friday night. Putnam lectured tonight. I wanted to attend - but afterwards concluded not to. Mr. Lincoln has come. came just before school closed tonight. Wasn't there a "shaking hands" after school. - & then Mr. C. proposed singing - which was heartily joined in by all. I like Mr. Lincoln - but I don't think I really want him to come back. - Mr. D. pleases me better - on some accounts - yet - I am not sure which I like the best. I should not like to decide. I do want Mr. Warren to come - I am sure of that. I really do want to see him. I have taken a book from the Library this afternoon - "Great-Events-by Great-Historians". I think I shall like it. I have learned from it, that Herodotus wrote the first connected history - & hence was called the "father of Histories". He was born at Halikarnassus in Asia Minor - & the age in which he lived is sometimes called the Periclean age - from Pericles - who was then one of the most celebrated statesmen of Greece - & who did much for the glory & beauty of Athens - which he wished to place at the head of the Grecian States. Phidias also a renowned sculptor - lived ⁱⁿ at this age. ^{B.C. 450} & executed many of the designs of Pericles. I think I shall not forget these facts. I am resolved to pursue a different - & more systematic course in my reading - & to think as I read. I want to influence Hannah in this way. Mrs. C. & Sarah are in N. Y. H. is keeping house. My fingers are growing cold - so good night - journal "

Oct. 28th Sunday forenoon. Weather of almost every variety has prevailed this morning. It has been cold & rainy - & thundered - then suddenly cleared off - warm & sunny - now it is colder - for the wind blows & its a little cloudy too. I think I shall go with H. to church this afternoon. I did not go last sabbath. I do not feel exactly satisfied with myself for staying at home so much, from everything I may say, I will endeavor to attend the Lyceum more constantly if nothing else, & I think if there is another "gathering" I will not occasion remark by staying away. Not that I care for the remarks or attach any value to them - but too much of a good thing is good for nothing. I think I will read a little now. Mr. G. had a letter from Mrs. G. last night. She is enjoying N. B. I believe. Nov. 5th Sunday forenoon. I feel cross & irritable to the very last degree.

Got ready to go to meeting, but could not endure the thought of parading in with those awful great-blows flying - then H. gave out - & then I was provoked. H. has lain down - feeling rather disagreeable I fancy. I can't help it as I know of. I do feel thoroughly vexed with myself & every body else, especially Mrs. Dearborn the fantastical milliner. I don't like to feel so - Oh - what weak minded creatures we are.

The weather is dull, neither rainy or pleasant. This week, sometimes Gust - is to be here - I am anticipating a treat. - but I don't want my "notes" to be public property. Afternoon. Just returned from church - I am glad I went only it I felt extremely dull - owing no doubt - to the impure air - for it is certainly the most ill-ventilated church I ever was in.

It was "Communion" day. I remained through the ceremony. It was conducted somewhat differently from any I ever witnessed before. There was - to me, less to excite feelings of solemnity.

Topics

Who was the morning star of the Reformation? John Wickliffe. Honored by God to be the first preacher of a general reformation to all Europe. To him belongs the honor of giving to the English the first translation of the Scriptures in their mother tongue.

Who was the Father of English poetry? Chaucer.

He lived in the reign of Richard 2^d. The first great work upon which his fame depends, is the Canterbury tales.

His appearance has been compared to a premature day in an English spring, after which the gloom of winter returns & the buds & blossoms which had been called forth, are nipped by frost & scattered by storms.

The most prominent character in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More. The author of a celebrated work entitled Utopia. He died on the scaffold for refusing to sign an act of supremacy making the king the head of the church.

Dec. 9th, Sunday eve - Raining & blowing - & has been all day.
I enjoy it exceedingly. I miss the Ocean (tone of home - however -
Nature's choir - is never complete for me ~~without~~ that thrilling bass. I
am thinking of Harriet - & a week ago today - which I spent with
Margaret Dr. Woodside. I have become much interested in Mr. I do
so long for her recovery - but I fear it is very doubtful - Oh - must
she die with so much undeveloped? Woodside reminds me of "The
Cottage" - "I long to fly home tonight. Week before last - was our
vacation - I went to N. Bedford Friday night - Sunday eve - He
& I went to Dartmouth - Wednes - she went home - I staid in D.
until Saturday. Carrie spent Friday night with me - Father
seemed so happy to have me with him again - I longed to stay
there - & he smiled. I left with sadder feelings - than ever before
but I am here now - & must improve my time. Mary Walker
spent the vacation with her sister in N. B. but I did not see her
after Friday night - until Monday morn, at the depot. I read
a part of H. Martineau's "Eastern Life" - or rather H. read it to
me - I like it very much. Just before vacation - we had Puffin-
Guyot - here nearly a week. It was intensely interesting - & most
exciting to me than anything I have heard for a long time. We
~~were~~ were obliged to "take notes" but I liked it very soon. I am now
very glad I have the notes they are invaluable. It saddens me to
think Guyot - is going to leave our State - & probably there are
no more lectures for us - from him. I wish him success where-
ever he goes - "A week from Friday eve - next - I must read
before that Lyceum - I feel powerless when I think of it - Oh -
if I should make a failure. I hope I shan't. I am at a
loss what to read - I have Willis' Poems - & Dream Life - either
are suitable I suppose - I love Melancthon - I think Willis did
his best when he wrote that. Though he has written many beautiful
things. "Last Friday night - Everett lectured - It was good -
beyond my expectations - Subject "The End & Aim of Life". After
lecture - we had voluntary declamations - Hewitt pleased me
most - Hamlet's soliloquy & Horatio's story of the ghost - Darling
acted as Horatio - But Hewitt was capital - I was completely
captivated - How I wanted the next scene - the encounter with the
ghost - I believe I can say he's the best actor I ever saw - "Then I must
must a good night to journalizing"

154
#56" Jan. 1st. Tuesday eve. Just returned from school. It has been a beautiful day. - The ground is covered with snow & sleighs are flying over it in every direction. How different this - from last New Year's day - Oh. how sad sad was that - the first of ^{those} mournful days. It has haunted me today - & nothing but multiplied duties which must be attended to - have held it in check. I feel that I must not yield now - I must struggle against it. I would like to be in my dear home now & review the past year - & let mournful memories come as well as pleasant ones. But no now of this - my poor journal is too much neglected to be filled with nothing but moralizings. At school we are having a course of lectures on Chemistry - by Prof. Sharpe. I like them very much - They are illustrated by a great number of experiments - most of which are entirely new to me. Among those that pleased me most - when the proof that the flame of a lamp is hollow. I shall never forget them. In my studies - I do not make the certain progress I wish - but to understand quickly is much easier than formerly. This even, encourages me much. I dread Examination, because while I feel that I am daily acquiring gems of knowledge - yet there is not that time for arrangement - that I so much need - if I had time - I should not be thus anxious about it. My intimacy if I may so call it - with the scholars - is now far beyond what I ever thought it would be. I no longer feel like an iceberg among them - & I am calmer - happier for the change.

Last week Nature gave us some of the most brilliant exhibitions I ever witnessed. Tuesday night there was a slight snow - & then a rain - The next morning was very cold - & the effect was indescribable - after the sun shone. There were trees, hedges & grasses of silver all sparkling with jewels. It lasted two days & never did I witness so much splendor before - it was fairy land realized. The weather was intensely cold - but there was so much beauty that I forgot the cold entirely.

Last Saturday I accompanied Hannah to Randolph. There was a break down in the morning so the cars were delayed all through the day. We stopped at N. Bridgewater - until evening - & had an ambrotype taken for me - which in spite of the many disadvantages attending the sitting - is much the best she has ever had. We did not reach our destination until quite late. That night the snow fell to considerable depth so we were almost prisoned. The time however passed pleasantly. And Monday morning we started for home - but ~~xxx~~ were detained by the snow accumulated on the track until after eleven. I was too late for school - but the consequences were slight -

156
Feb. 17th Sunday afternoon. The day before Examination!
I cannot realize it. The air is full of snow - & the wind blows furiously.
Perhaps the cars cannot go through tomorrow - if they don't the
"wise men" of the state cannot reach here in time to be entertained by us.
I should not feel very sorry if they cannot. I dread the next two days - very much - Oh dear - I feel my courage & presence of mind going out - of my finger ends - every hour. I cannot help being anxious about the results.
Yesterday forenoon - was sadly pleasant - the last recitations together. Then too, our books, which had begun to look like friends to be taken, I did not think last summer that I should feel thus at the close of school. I am very different in many respects now. & I think I am happier. Nellie has become very dear to me. Her cousin Mary also - I love - & another Mary I love so dearly - They are a pleasant study to me.

Sunday. March 10th. I have been reading the above lines. I remember now - I was called away from my writing rather abruptly - and did not then resume it. In the hurry and excitement of the next few days - my journal was forgotten. Examination troubled me then. I will write what I can recollect of the events of that time. Monday morning we gathered with feelings of subdued anxiety, for though we did not expect to have much to do that day - we knew the morning was coming. The usual devotional exercises were gone through with, then the Juniors Geometry came. Next our Grammar - I that passed quietly & pleasantly. Then the Juniors in Arithmetic followed. Afternoon - Juniors Physiology - then our Geography - which we had to struggle through for a hour and a half. That was a tiresome rather than a difficult exercise. I believe this was the last of the afternoon - but am not quite certain. That evening we attended Mr. Hewett's lecture. His subject was "The Claims of Art & Literature upon the people." I was very much interested. I am sure - he gave us his true honest sentiments. For I have become somewhat familiar with the workings of his mind - have made him something of a study. Prof. Crosby occupied the seat in front of me - I could not help glancing at him occasionally & I never saw such a blending in any countenance before. There is comicality - sarcasm - good nature - shrewdness - and fifty other characteristics traceable there. But to return to my subject. I retired that night with no very brilliant hopes for the morning. For I could not trust my self possession - half its own length - which is not saying much. I knew however that I must sleep if I expected to have a single clear idea. So I directed all my efforts to the accomplishment of this object. I awoke in the morning with a confused idea of something troublesome - & at last comprehended that it was examination. I went to school with the thought - "Oh if I only go through this forenoon without prospective disgrace - I shall be thankful." And Trigonometry was the first recitation. We took our places in file in the back part of the hall. I trembled when he said Mr. Crocker's section. I had a problem from the book. I performed it correctly but - made some little error in the work. That was nothing however as it was the explanation they wanted. I explained so that I am confident

89

I was heard - at least - after the first sound of my voice - I felt easy - could have explained any length of time. I was astonished at myself. The whole exercise passed off gracefully. Next the juniors had another exercise in Geometry - Then came our Astronomy. That was a mere farce. There was not time for two thirds of the explanations. I had only to perform my operation without explaining. The exercise went off well - everyone seemed satisfied except Sarah Wells - she did not make as brilliant an appearance as she wished so she vented her vexation in tears. I went home at noon with a lightened heart. I had only time to glance over my "selection" in reading. I say my selection it was Mr. Hewitt's; He proposed it for me to read - and I in a careless mood - accepted it; It was - ~~long~~ - during a thunder storm - from the Russian. He called on me for the first selection - though not the first reading. I trembled in every joint - but read audibly I believe. The piece was very hard - the tone required being low & deep - so that it was difficult to fill the hall. Willie Shedd read very well. The piece was clear & ringing - just suited to his voice. Our compositions were none of them read. We had an exercise in music - by Mr. Blanchard, and a few questions on teaching by Mr. Conant. Then a farewell address from Mr. Everett. It was excellent - and ^{so} touching. Lastly our "song" - was sung by our class only. It was heartfelt - for the thought would come - perhaps this is the last time these voices all blend together. Oh. it was sad. I am going to write the song - here - " " " " " "

Go now, thy places find,
Each take thy station,
When it shall be assigned,
With resignation,
Go, hopeful as thou art,
Go with an upright heart -
And all thy zeal impart,
To that vocation.

Soil - that - deep furrows ploughed
On sunny faces.
Will on these youthful brows
Leave its stern traces,
But may each course be bright,
Each do his ~~own~~ work aright,
Each be a shining light -
In Earth's dark places.

Here we have happily been
Blest in each other.
These pleasant scenes ~~are~~ within,
Sister and brother.

One object have we sought,
One have we been in thought,
One spirit have we caught,
— But all is over.

Parted, by destiny
Our hands must sever;
Yet shall its members be,
Forgotten never.
Still to remembrance dear,
Bright will these scenes appear,
Though we may gather here,
No more together.

Father! we look to thee:—
Will Thou direct us:
Whatever our fate shall be
Will Thou protect us?
Here would we longer stay,
Could time his flight delay,
But we must haste away.
Father, direct us.

Our paths must now diverge—
Friendships be given;
Our life's tempestuous surge,
We must be driven,
Yielding to duty's call—
Where'er our lot shall fall,
Thy hands will guide us all—
Onward—to Heaven.

Willard S. Everett

91

After the "song" - we had addressed by Mr. Whipple - Father Ballou, Rev. E. Pope, &c. Lastly - and after all but our class were dismissed, Mr. Conant spoke his parting words. They were like his, sad, yet breathing hope & encouragement. How I love that man - how we all love him & our dear second, Father! - and Bridgewater is our dear second home. Our class met in our West-Excitation Room for the last time. & adopted a series of Resolutions binding them into a society which they have called the Association of the 46th. It is to be a permanent affair. They are to hold annual meetings. ~~Every~~ Time of meeting to be sometime during Convention. Oh! may next Convention see us all together once more. On the evening the "Gathering" took place in the West Room below. A large & pleasant party were assembled. Mr. Hewitt read the paper, & surely there was wit & mirth enough contained therein, to convulse a crowd. I wrote an article for it the night before - as I did not have time until then & they

would not excuse me. I did not have time to copy it ^{then} & thought surely it could not be given in - in time - but after school - Mr. H. gave me a sheet of paper - & bade me go home & copy it - & he would come after it. I obeyed - & he came - it was put in the paper - just as I wrote it. "I was with Nellie nearly all the evening. It is strange how that girl has come to me - I try to hold her off - until I am satisfied I know her - but she will not permit that - she rushes to me - & in spite of myself - her arms are around me - I forget all my wise resolutions - & give love for love. (Yes, she makes me love her. & now I am beginning to love willingly & consistently. Mary E. too - is a dear girl. They both seem to cling to me. & I love them." "Nellie's paper came the Friday night before - Poor girl - every one was so busy in preparations for Examination that writing for the "Offering" was not to be thought of. I pitied her - for I could imagine the situation - & I resolved to aid her if possible. I wrote one piece & happened to have another on hand - thus I gave her, also a selection. Mr. C. gave his composition - the remainder she was obliged to glean from her own & her brother's papers. But she had a very good paper. "The Music of Nature" that piece that I felt half ashamed to own I had written - was singled out in the Critic's report - & praised. I felt something like a frightened child as I listened. He evidently did not dream who wrote it. The piece was faulty in construction - too discomposed - though some of it I know was good - but it was written hastily & on the spur of the moment. However the Critic did not take in ~~all~~ the faults. "The Offering" before Nellie's was mine. The contributions were both liberal & seasonable. As for the reading - after the first moment's embarrassment - I could have read with ease all night - & as far as confidence was concerned. I rather enjoyed it. But I was tired when I finished. I don't think reading before the Synod a very alarming thing. But I must leave school affairs & come to the realities of the present hour - So I will just say - that ^{then} - Wednesday - after school closed - nearly all the 45th. remained - the depot - was the morning's destination - afterwards to the "Gin works" - I have a little better idea of the machined now, though I wanted more explanation than I could obtain. Evening we met at Nellie's. Passed a really pleasant evening. It was by far the pleasantest gathering of the season. Next morning - saw nearly all the class on their homeward way. I was to spend another day there with Hannah. Ch. Bridgewater did look deserted that day. Mr. Hewitt walked up from the depot that morning with H. & S. He is so different from what I at first imagined him to be. I can truly say that I owe my present position in the school more to him than any other one person. I cannot explain it - but he seems to understand me - & somehow lets me see that - he does. Yet we have never talked much - But there is a kind of spirit intelligence - so to speak, especially in the classes. But enough of this. After our return home H. & S. proceeded to Luke's room - & commenced operations - & by two o'clock were rewarded by a cosy pleasant room in every respect. That afternoon we enjoyed it - that night we slept there. We named it the Sunset room for it is so pleasant - & the prospect so beautiful at that hour. Friday morning - was a sad one - I could not bear to go - & yet I must. I felt as though I was leaving home & friends. I never left a place with more regret. H. went with me to

the depot. There I found Nellie, Mary E., Phoebe C. & Benja we call him. N. brought me a lovely verbeena blossom & I placed it in Hannah's vase - for they were both parting gifts. I could hardly remain calm until the train arrived, for I had hitherto repressed all outward emotion for Hannah's sake. At the overflowing point - was almost - reached. They all accompanied me to the car door & there I said the saddest "Good by" that ever fell from my lips. I was glad almost when the train started - for then all restraint was removed. I thought tears ^{gushed} - the Normal & the Church Spire in sight - as long as possible - & a feeling of desolation came over me when they vanished. "I have sighed out - Oh, dear - since whenever anything has reminded me of that morning. " "

March 27th Thursday eve. Have just been writing to my Eagle - as I have named Hannah. How I long to see her. But I must speak of other things now. I have been to see Aunt Lizzie this afternoon. I am glad I went - though I felt some doubt before going. Poor woman - (no not - poor either) - she is going soon. I was reminded of Mother at once - "She does not recognise anyone & takes very little of anything. I do not think she can survive a week longer. As to think, I have not once been to see her since I came home. I might have gone - but I felt too terribly - I could not bear to go anywhere. I am sorry now - it was selfish in me, to think so much of my own feelings. She wanted to see me too. Oh! I am sorry. But I think I should not have waited so long - if father's words had not influenced me - I feared the rupture extended over to me. It does not - however. I wish this neighborhood might be a renovated one - There is actually a civil war in our midst - which though on a small scale, is sufficient to do much mischief. I wish the people might recover their lost senses. It would certainly be an occasion to be celebrated by public rejoicings. Enough - however.

Apr. 14th Monday night. My Journal is sadly neglected, but how can I help it. I will passively review some of the late occurrences. I have spent nearly three days in N. B. enjoyed them very well. Hattie came home with me - it was a week ago Saturday morn - she stayed until Monday morn - Sunday afternoon - we went to "Roll. Lide" to see the sun set. We both gained a rare picture - that will long serve as a feast of beauty - It far exceeded my anticipations. After she went home - the school question came up - W.P. came to know if I would teach. I told him yes - this determined him to accept the office of committee or rather to take it - for I believe Seth Anthony wanted it. But W.P. has it & he has engaged me at three dollars per week - for the year - I am satisfied with that & I think if I can only give satisfaction. But I fear for my success - for Seth will not be friendly - Mr Smalley, I fear will not do justice - & to crown all Martha wanted the school again. I feel rather discouraged at my prospects. Why - Oh, why can I not commence something favorably once. I cannot remember as ever I did, anything of consequence - I mean. I received a letter from Hattie tonight - she is in a desponding mood likewise. I pity her - & myself too. I must go to the city next week - I think. I feel an almost unconquerable desire to go to Buzzards if only for a day - but how can I. Oh, dear - I might - but I think

Apr. 17th Alone in my "sanctum". April Showers are dancing over
head - to a quaint - low melody. & the frog voiced, float up from the woods.
My headache makes me so listless - that I cannot enjoy the night - as I
otherwise should. Oh! I must say - that night - before last - I was
startled out of all propriety - & ~~when~~ my modesty was checked for a
season - by the intelligence that Charlie was married. I do not know
why I should have been so startled. Only knowing that I was, "I am
entrusted with the secret". I never felt a greater desire to publish any
thing. (How people will stare!) "Birthday letters are claiming
attention in groups - I shall have to write three this week. I am too
tired tonight for anything". I wonder why Billie does not write.
I hope she has received mine. I hope to hear from Emma tomorrow
night. If I can only visit her next week - I am fearful I cannot.
I never so longed to go anywhere - I think I have a right to go. Perhaps
were I to mention to Father my desire to go - he would be willing - but I
have no courage to appeal to him for anything that will require money.
Oh. I am very weak on some points. But enough.

Apr. 18th "Evening". What a glorious night. How I long to be down
by the sea side. I would go now - & alone. Only Father would think I had
taken leave of all my senses. & I cannot go without his knowing it.
A letter from Eagle tonight. (Things about as usual there. "Mr.
Callingsworth's funeral - was attended by the school, in procession. It
must have been an impressive scene. Billie's little brother has
the "small pox" I fear. That is the reason then of her silence. How
wrong I was to doubt her. I am very sorry for the family. I hope
if Willie has it - it may not prove severe. She is a darling child. I pity
Billie. "I wish Carrie Carlberg would return that daguerotype
from - I think she is extremely ill informed. (There seems very little
real delicacy in her nature. I have read "Reveries of the Peak". I was
intensely interested - but I do not feel much satisfaction from the person
I liked some of the others better. I think "Rob. Roy" is my favorite.
Though. "Waverley" I like nearly as well, but there is so much
character in "Rob. Roy". I like it for that.

April 30th "Evening". My first lecture for journalizing since my
return from A. B. I went a week ago - yesterday. I will write a short
account of my visit. "I walked once - it rained before I reached there
I stopped at Ellen's until He came up. I then went to A. S. that
afternoon I broached the subject of Budget, to my surprise A.
was in favor of my going & proposed the next afternoon for my journey
meantime - we were to work on one of the "quilt". "He came up at night
she entered into the plan. I enjoyed the night with He - & in the
morning accompanied her down - as far as our "castle". I saw some
lovely trout flowers. He agreed to come up - & spend Thursday night
with me - at which time I expected to return. I went back to

N.S. and until after 3 o'clock - I worked with a will! Then I prepared
 for my excursion. I hurried - on my way to the depot my feet hardly
 touched the ground. & when I arrived I received the welcome intelligence
 that I could only reach Myrick's that night. I turned & walked
 back down Purchase St. & made my way to the ferry - was met by a gentleman
 who told me the Fairhaven train had gone. I then walked leisurely
 back, doing some shopping &c on my way. I felt rather disagreeably
 for I knew I could not see H. that night - & I knew also that he could
 not see me the next night - if I went to B. "Thursday morn dawned
 with a misty rain, which continued all day. I worked as fast as I
 did the day before - about dinner time however - Mr. E. Wing - called
 bringing me letters from D. P. O. One was marked "haste" - & was mailed
 Bridgewater. I tore it open & found it was from Mr. Hewett - wishing
 me to take a school in B. & requesting & immediate reply. This
 determined me to wait no longer - so at a little past three I was on my
 way to B. I went with mingled feelings of regret & pleasure - I felt the
 sliding the cars for their slow motion - then again I would think -
 let me enjoy all I may in anticipation for the time will pass swiftly
 enough when once I am there. When I reached the depot I
 met several of the 4th. They looked pleasantly natural. I met
 Mrs. P. on my way up - but I reached M. & I without their
 knowledge & paying the bill - Sarah answered the ring - I told her
 to tell H. to come to the door - she came - looking more like a nun
 than anything else. She was at last convinced that it was me. Oh
 I felt that I was welcomed - by every one - I was at once at home
 H. went with me to call on Mr. Hewett - we did not find him -
 so - I watched for him - when he should return home from the P. O. when
 I knew he was - expecting a letter. I saw him at last & accosted him
 He was surprised at the sight of me. & disappointed too - when I told
 him - of my engagement. He seemed sadly disappointed. I almost
 wished I was free - but if I had been - I could not leave home - Oh
 dear, I fear I allow people to judge me wrongly oftentimes. I cannot
 tell how the evening passed - only like a pleasant dream. Helen looked
 sweetly - & the babe gives promise of great beauty. & the name we
 at length decided should (with Mr. G.'s consent) be Helen Celeste.
 & to be called Nellie. I like it much. I was surprised however
 to find how they all seemed to wish it to be Lillian. I could not agree
 to it however. I sat with H. in the "sunset room" until very late
 after we retired sleep was driven away for a long time. We rose at
 half past five - & at the usual time I accompanied Mary H. to
 school. I could hardly realize that I was not a scholar again.
 There were no girls present when we arrived. So I had a good opportunity
 of seeing them as they came in. The 4th seemed glad to see me &
 but not until my own classmates arrived did I feel quite at home.
 To my surprise & delight Maria Samson was there - How very

pretty she looked. I saw Mr. Hayward & Hattie C. Oh! I wanted to stay there
with Mr. Conant - was as kind & good as ever. Mr. Hewitt seemed anxious &
hurried - Mr. Peeling about the same as of old. (The reports of the marvellous
beauty of the 4th I think are exaggerated. There are some very pretty faces
but the majority are plain - at least - at first sight. I could only remain in
school - during the field hour. & that sped rapidly away. I did not go into
any of the recitation rooms - for Mr. H.'s arithmetic class recited in the Hall
& I preferred to hear that. Afterwards Maria & I went to see Phoebe. Oh!
she seemed so pleasant & good - surely none can help loving her. After
leaving there, I hurried back to H. I met her coming in search of me.
We walked up to Mr. Gay's. It was a treat to see his plants, though
they were not arranged at all tastefully. We purchased a *Synedra* & a
rich purple *Pansie*. The latter was for H. to keep until she came to
see me. It was nearly dinner time when we reached home. Helen
& her babe sat indeed a sweet picture. She seemed very happy with it.
After dinner H. played for me - (How I drank in every sound.) I often
shut my eyes & sang the music. Oh! it was perfect fascination for me. I
knew not how long I could have listened. Over the piano is a picture of
a child - he is sitting carelessly on a cushion - playing with a watch -
but he seems to be tired of that - & is looking up from the play thing
with eyes full of thoughtful musing. He looked (while he was
playing) as though spell bound by the music. It is certainly one of
the most beautiful pictures I ever saw. I will not attempt a
description - for I cannot express a tithe of the grace & dreamlike
beauty - which the artist has portrayed on canvas. "H. & I next
went up to the Cemetery. It is truly one of beauty's chosen haunts. It
is lovely even at this leafless season. I saw a few *Hyacinths* & crocus flowers.
Then Mr. Washburn's lot is always one home of flowers. After wandering
over the place, we returned home - or rather to Mr. G.'s. It was nearly
time for me to go - so we devoted the interval to conversation. A lady
came in - as I was going to leave. I was glad, for it interrupted the
sadness of parting. When H. & I reached the depot - we found
three of my classmates - Maria - Mary & Carrie S. I talked as fast
as possible to prevent keeping the tears back. I succeeded in doing so
until I said Good by to H. "I could not enjoy my ride home
I felt as though I was leaving everything congenial & soul inspiring.
Philosophising & moralising - were alike bid adieu to me then."
It was dark when I reached N. S. H. came soon afterwards. We
went out for a short walk - went as far as Taber's - & saw two pictures
to look at which seemed to form an era in my life. One was "Pante" &
"Beatrice" - the other - "Milton at the age of twelve". "Milton" is
the most to me - though most people prefer - the former. (How
I wish I could own one or both of them. There is such a hush
about Milton - you seem to suspend your breathing while gazing on
it. "Hannah" looked like the picture of Pante - "Beatrice". I cannot

describe - only that she is severely - yet divinely beautiful. Oh. if I could only have them near me I should never be lonely. Saturday - I spent in walking with Co. First - to Maret's where we seemed to be settled for a time. I am sure I don't know what to think of the man. Then till dinner time we visited the first Co. called to her Margaret Co. I feel sad when I think of her. She seems to me to be slowly failing. In the afternoon we started to go on an excursion to Russell's Hills - but the Omnibus - was so crowded we gave it up. Called to Ellen's, then Angelina's - next home. Evening we went to Mr. Lawton's. Heard - many sing & play. I could have listened all night. She has a splendid voice & understands the use of it. Sunday after S. School - I came home - I met Co. as she came from the church - (she was coming a part of the way) but I persuaded her to come with me & stay until morning. I enjoyed her presence. but was too worn out to manifest it very strongly. Monday morn we called on Mr. Grey. From there she took the stage. My examination consisted of an example in Subtraction to explain. We did not quite agree - but I shall not give up my method.

Sunday May 11th. I have spent a hurried - yet prolonged week. I have almost expended my physical strength. & mentally - I am wary too. I feel much more like resting tomorrow - than teaching school. Somehow I feel as though I could do nothing - I believe I don't know how to begin school. I have not that control over myself that I want. I am very nervous. - either all strength or all weakness. I believe I grow worse instead of better. I know I have taxed my strength too severely, of late. But what could I do - I had only this week & such a mountain of labor to be levelled. I have even now - only taken off the top. I have a darling half blown rose - looking down with sweet pity on me as I write. I have enjoyed more than I can tell - in feasting on its beauty. It says many sweet encouraging things to me; my precious flower. For three days we have been cheered by a N. E. storm. I do hope for a little sunshine tomorrow.

May 14th Wednesday night. Three days of school gone - I can say they have passed pleasantly & rapidly. I like very well so far though it certainly seems like play - for only eight has yet been members. There are four less children in the District now. This will make considerable difference. Capt. T. has arrived. I had a letter from Co. Monday stating that Eddie & George were both very sick with the scarlet fever. I pity them all. I wish I could do something for them. Oh. if George should die. I hope he may recover - but he seems too fair & good for earth. Even Kellie seemed. Oh. why must the fairest - fade earliest? Yet such is the mournful truth.

May 18th Sunday night. A night of beauty - fit-crowning to such a lovely day. I have spent it rather dreamily - until towards night I went to walk. I went to Cedar Hills - by the seaside path. It was very pleasant. I gathered a large bouquet of wild flowers - & have them now - before me. I spent an hour at Cedar Hills - part of the time lying in a ~~chamber~~ of a rock, looking out on the foamy waves - & cloud ~~like~~ islands - until the Actual with all its harshness passed away leaving me happy in the soothing Ideal. I longed to remain there all night - & longer - until all of care & pain had fallen from my life. I wished to stay & witness the sunlight, but my long absence already, forbade that. I called at B. & on my way home - Mrs. A. came. She says E. & children are better. I am thankful. Oh. I hope he will come. It is so late, I must go - Good night - journal.

May 30th Friday eve - I am alone in my chamber. Hattie has not come. I long to see her. I hope she will come next Friday night. My time passed very quietly - I like my school very much - only I think there is too few. Right before last - Capt. Smith - spent the evening here - he brought Father a flute - He played considerably; more than I have heard him for nearly two years past. Our visitor seemed inclined to return my compliment of studying time. I don't care - let him find me out - as far as he can - I think he will have to go considerably beyond Scott's Sonnet though. I like him. He is a spicy character - to say the least. I shall study him - at my leisure. Yesterday morning - in the midst of my washing hurry - he came bringing some books for me, viz - Black House - and Memories of Eutopia - the former I have commenced.

June 7th Saturday night. Last night I finished "Black House". I can only say - it is the best of Dickens' works I ever read - some parts of "Master Humphrey's Clock" excelled. It is so real. The characters seem like friends & acquaintances as I think of them now. I then Dickens had such a mastery of managing his characters. They do not seem mixed up in an unnatural heap - but we are introduced to each separately. We become intimately acquainted with them & their peculiar characteristics. We then see them brought together on his pages as naturally & as gracefully - as we do in real life. We see then bearings upon their connection with each other, - & added to all this - is the deep feeling & earnestness the indescribable pathos ^{no less so from the quaint humor with which it is blended} with which every word seems to be saturated.

Oh dear - I can express nothing as I feel it - I am very tired - for we have had a hard day's work - but it gives me great satisfaction to be able to say at least the Kitchen is finished. I think it very well - I could suggest improvements - but will not.

June 19th Thursday night. I ought to be asleep - but it is now so seldom that I have an opportunity of writing on these pages - that I cannot resist the temptation to scribble a little. I have been sewing - have at last finished the curtains. Today Father & "R" went to S. B. they brought back a stone - I like it very well though I can not say much in praise of the beauty of the model. However if it proves convenient I will be satisfied. I expect Hannah. Saturday morning next, I intend meeting her at Fairbairn. I hope everything will be favorable. Last Saturday morn I went to S. B. - started on foot - but Capt. S. with Elizabeth Chapman overtook me - & ordered me to ride - I did so & was carried quite to S. B. - I enjoyed it considerably. I came back Sunday eve - Hattie coming as far as Blissville. My visit was very pleasant. H. could not spend the night with me - on account of her aunt's sickness. Sunday morn visited Rodman's garden, it was very lovely. H. is becoming much interested in the study of trees. I am pleased with the idea, if we called at her cousin - Mr. Cornell - we were very agreeably entertained by him - his wife I do not fancy much.

July 1st Monday. At school. I feel very disagreeable today. I miss Hannah so much. She has ~~not~~ been with me four weeks last Saturday the day she went away. Father too is much pleased with her for which I am thankful. Aunt M. has been here since H. came - At first I was disposed to think the visit a calamity occurring just when it did - but I do not look upon it in that light now. For at least it has shown me that H. is no summer friend. We have enjoyed ~~some~~ much together. One of our excursions was to the Islands. Capt. S. invited us - it was a very pleasant company. The sail though protracted by the calm - was delightful. Miss Clarke was with us. I confess I am disappointed in her - though I could not from the first - heff thinking ~~some~~ of her manner was partly composed of affectation. H. enjoyed the excursion much. We went across the Island (Nashawinn) to the Cliffs where there is a delightful view of Gay Head & the Sound. I could have remained there a long time - it was so pretty. I rode some with in Mr. H. & carriage - H. with Capt. S. - it was his own arrangement. We were sunburnt creatures when we reached home. We have also spend part of an afternoon at Moat's Lake. Last Saturday - we went to S. B. One of the stage horses behaved badly - but we got along very well after the ladies' fright had subsided. I am a little ashamed of my sex - they are weak in a point where I would they were strong. viz - in the exhibition of every little fright. We went to H. & then we all commenced our day's enjoyment in sight seeing. Went up County St. to Arnold's Garden - where we

remained for more than two hours. There is a kind of
arbor there ~~which~~ which I was delighted - massive stone
pillars support a ~~an~~ octagonal roof - which on the inside is
completely covered with shells - stones &c. It was in the
first place covered with plaster, into this the shells were
fastened. Vines are trained in & out among the pillars.
Lettuces & a table of bamboo work ~~occupy~~ the arbor -
the floor of which is paved with specimens of geology,
or geological specimens. I cannot write or think with
any degree of accuracy this morning. It is uncomfortably
warm. From the garden we went to the Metropolitan & got some
refreshments. Then after various paces in search of the right tree, we
went into the Reminarian Church & ascended to the tower. The prospect
is extensive & beautiful; but the time of day was not well chosen.
However it was this or none with us. Leaving this we found we
had barely time to reach the boat. We hastened for the baggage
& then part of our walk as we reached the boat became a run.
We reached it however in time. I longed to get into the
cars and be hurried with her to B. But instead of that, the next
consideration was a visit to N. We went - found her alone -
the nurse having gone. She was not able to do anything however
& her breast was troubling her very much - She was afraid it would
have to break. I saw at once that I could not leave her until I went
home. H. stayed with me. The next day - N. was worse & as I
could not stay, John went in pursuit of help. I left at night
with the comfortable assurance that a woman was coming in an
hour or two. H. walked home with me - & came back again
the next morning. I want a longer visit from her.

August 30th I cannot possibly manage to give much
attention to journalizing. But for the last fortnight - I surely
am excusable for not writing. N. & the children are making a
visit here - they came two weeks ago - & will stay till Sunday.
I enjoy their being here - only as I am in school - my time is
more than occupied - & my leisure for social enjoyment of
course very limited. I have had one bright spot of enjoyment
viz - Convention &c. Monday July 28th I went to New Bedford. I felt
half sick for I had caught school six days the week before besides
all the work - & I was almost tired out. I walked to N. B. I found
N. slowly recovering - she had a good nurse - so I left with quite good
courage the next morning. H. went to the depot with me. I enjoyed
the journey even so much. Found Hannah at the depot - also two of
the Normals. I was forced to be again in B. (The trees are very lofty
& luxuriant. They are one of the chief attractions of the place. I
accompanied H. to Mr. C.'s - then we went to Examinations. I was
much pleased with the exercises. I almost thought myself a

scholar again. I saw Nellie among the first. Oh, it was pleasant
 to look on them once more. Nellie too I saw. Oh, I did want to
 stay with her some - but could only for a very short time. Sarah W.
 came in the nine o'clock train; - she was quite the same as of old.
 The whole day passed pleasantly. At night, colleges came - so Mr & I had one intended walk
 to the Cemetery. Convention morning dawned calm & pleasant. I wished most
 earnestly for Harriet. But in vain. There was first a gathering at the Hall - from
 there - in procession we proceeded to the Church - the address was by E. Edwards Esq
 It was a "Eulogy" on Mr. Yellinghast. The "Town Hall" was the next destination, where
^{on the} two hours were spent very pleasantly both in physical & mental feasting. In
 the evening came the "Gathering" & as pleasant one it was. Nineteen of our class were
 present - We did not leave the Hall until twelve. I went home with Nellie. Mr
Warren also passed the night there. He interests me exceedingly - yet I cannot
 come near him - why - I cannot tell.

Aug. 31st Sunday night. I couldn't bear to sleep without at least saying "Good by" to my ~~twenty third~~ year. I do not, cannot realize that it is gone. But this is the old story. I need never expect to realize time. I know the years are flying from me - and were it not for this nightmar feeling - I could work to some purpose. I do not shrink from effort - as I once did. But in proportion as the will to do - increased - the ability decreased. It is not imagination either, would that it were. There is at times a terrible feeling in my head - my mind wanders - were it pain of limb or sickness - I could endure it far better - But that my mind - my all should fail me - this is affliction indeed. Oh. is there not a remedy? There is - there must be - or I leave not for life. "Welcome Death - rather than mental imbecility." Must my life be a failure? The thought sends a thrill of agony through me. I have been reading "Margaret Fuller" today. Oh. I find more & more sympathy in her. I feel that I am like her in many things - not so great as she was in intellect - but the glimpses she occasionally reveals of her inner life show me that we are kindred there. In intellect I must ever be a dwarf. - a dwarf - compared to the growth I might attain were all favorable. Yet I will not say ever be. There must be progression for me somewhere - I'll bide my time. Yet I will not idly wait I'll struggle for development - though painfully slow - be every effort & slower still the results. So help me (Thou who hast said "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee")

Sept. 1st. Monday afternoon recess. What a quiet day - The sunshine is softened by light clouds - which are floating in every direction over the blue. The North West wind () makes the air deliciously cool. Is this an emblem of the coming year? If not so - it must be pleasant - for these clouds instead of marred the beauty of the day - make it all the more lovely. So may it be with my life. "This pride old schoolroom has become very dear to me. I love even its time darkened walls - & its scarred & polished benches. I pass the days here pleasantly, for when engaged in school duties my wild ambitious voice is not listened to. I do wish though that I had a few more scholars. Rebecca told me this morning that she expected to leave, as they did not want her to stay at Mr. S. longer. I am very sorry to lose her - now just as she is getting interested. But I must stop.

Evening. There have been moments today - when I think I have understood the meaning of despair. Oh. may the seasons ^{in which} I am required to read its dark pages be few. I am now ^{fully} within the limits of my new year - I go forward casting aside all resolutions - for I learned that to me they are worthless encumbrances. I go without any definite plan - for hitherto my pathway has been strewn with broken schemes - & this year at least, shall be free from them. "Everything is very calm tonight - only in ^{the} distance can I catch the faintest murmur of Old Ocean." even the Autumn voices sound subdued. A storm seems gathering though very slowly & quietly. Enough for now Dear Journal - Good Night.

Sept. 2nd. Evening. One letter has arrived, viz. Nellie's. She says "last Tuesday her brother Herbert & Julia Clarke were married. I have expected this for some time though A. never mentioned it. I hope she won't follow their example though I am convinced that it will not be through want of opportunities if she does not. I want her to be true to herself. Her mental development which may be so grand & harmonious under favorable influences - will become dwarfed & disproportionate - if she is limited to the narrow sphere of married life. Oh, what I could arrest the course of every young girl ere they had taken that decisive step - & make them pause until they "knew themselves". How much of ^{our} human misery might be rolled back from the world could this be done. But alas! it never will be. "I hope Hattie will come this week. I long to see her more than any other living being. I fear old prejudices are reviving in Father's mind. They shall not - they must not make me unhappy. I must have Hattie. She is more to me than all my other friends - and nothing that I can prevent shall ever come between us. Next to her I love ~~her~~ - but 'tis with a love totally different. In fact, I love no two persons in the same way. & therefore I suppose I should not say I love one person more than another - only differently." Rebecca had left school today. I am truly sorry - I never met a mind like hers - & she was to me an experimental study - I can hardly bear to give her up - with my success wholly undetermined. She is a child to whom I think "thought" must be a novelty. But I did not despair of ultimately arousing it & I longed to witness the results. Ah, well! life's pathways cross & recross each other - perhaps we shall meet again. Meanwhile I'll study more diligently - my other pupils.

Sept. 7th. Wednesday morn. Press. What lovely days - Oh, Autumn is so very pleasant. I long to go forth into Nature's haunts - and enjoy with a full enjoyment. I cannot now for I am a prisoner here. A letter from Harriet last night represents her in very pleasant scenes. I long to share them with her. I do long for a Down East tour. "I wish Hattie would come. I do not understand why she does not. I watch with eager eyes - from sunrise to sunset. I have received mine birthday letters! I wish they would be more punctual. I think they received hints enough on punctuality when at the Normal to have some effect on them.

Sept. 15th. Monday forenoon Press. Here I am resuming the old stepping into my beaten track again - from which I have digressed for the space of two days. Friday night. Hattie came. She thought I wasn't coming the next day & she was anxious for me to ^{come} on account of Margaret's going away. So Saturday morn we both shaped our course for the city. I went with H. we happened to be left down by Harriet - & we went in. She treated us to some music. I never so longed to bury my face in my hands & enjoy a good cry. but I would not. H. was going to Mr. C. & to dinner - so I waited & went up in the omnibus with her. I arrived at A. & about dinner time. She had given up expecting me. About four o'clock H. came & we proceeded to Margaret's. We took the omnibus from Purchase St. to Main St. & then Rattleford's road & walked the remaining distance.

It was pleasant - but we were hurrying. We found M. looking feeble. I felt depressed the moment my eyes fell upon her. And she going to this alone! Oh! there is trouble enough in that one family to supply a neighborhood; very generously too. We took a short walk in the meadows, gathered grasses & visited the Indian Apotac. After our return to the house we sat with M. a short time - during which she asked me to correspond with her during her absence. I wanted to say no - but could not articulate it. I felt that I could not do justice to myself in a letter to her & that would be a constant source of annoyance to me. But Oh, dear! "the die is cast". There, I can't help laughing at this last woe-begone expression. "When we left the house it was with a foreboding feeling - on my own part - that I had looked my last on Margaret". Hattie promised to return to her on Monday. Our walk home was pleasant. The moon was completely veiled during our ride over the bridge. It is somewhat singular that H. & I. very seldom enjoy a moonlight privilege together. We spent the night at O.'s. Oh, I do long to have her with me always. Sunday I remained quietly within doors. After S. School M. came & I left for home - she accompanied me as far as Blissville. When I reached the bridge - I found a feast awaiting me. I cannot describe it - there sacrifice to attempt it; so radiantly beautiful was air & earth, beneath the combined influences of sunset & moonlight. I can never forget the pleasure scene & the deep enjoyment it afforded. "The remainder of my walk was by moonlight". When I reached home Father was not quite himself, though more reasonable than when I left him. I have now determined that I won't yield. Capt. S. - it seems had been here & for one thing helped Father eat his supper, - ridiculous man! & this morning who should march in but the same gentleman again. What he wished or what he came for - did not transpire. He read most of the time. Stayed until school time - then went with me to the school house - that is the last of him - thus far. If he only knew what an antagonism his mere presence aroused within me - I think he would leave me alone in my glory - henceforth & forever. I do not like the man - though he is - it is true, a fascinating study. I began writing this at school - but I am in my chamber now - it is late - I must bid you good night - friend journal, Jan. 4th, 1857". Little did I think when I last took my pen from this page that more than three months would elapse before it would again take acquaintance with the paper. Yet so it is. Events crowded upon events - & multiplied duties unperformed - altogether occupied my time. Hattie came over - spent one week - went home on account of Father's ungracious behavior. This was a "bitter dose" for me to swallow. In a few days Hannah came - well received - this did not serve to soothe my excited feelings - for Harriet is my first - my dearest - nearest friend. She is my Son - all others are but satellites. Hannah stayed three weeks - school was out during the second week of her stay & when she went home I went to N. Bedford. Spent a little over a week there - (tormented almost beyond endurance by dressmaking)

Then came home - found school must commence the week before Thanksgiving. So I went almost directly to Bridgewater - spent nearly two weeks there & at Randolph. Spent one day in Boston. I enjoyed the whole visit - very much. Came home on Sunday commenced school the next day. Have been in the same way since. Last Thursday (Nov. 21st day.) Capt. S. gave me no peace - until I promised to go home with him & spend the evening. He had invited me a week before - but I gave him no encouragement. I went, however. Spent a very pleasant evening - saw the Capt. under an entirely new phase of character. I think however I prefer his old abrupt petulance. It is better for me. The more I see of Miss Howland the better I like her. Since our "watching" adventure - we are quite well acquainted. I think her very beautiful - & very intelligent. I cannot explain why - but "fido" - I am often on the point of calling her. It is involuntary on my part. Oh how I love to watch her. Sarah Williams was present. I must not stop & speak of her now, though I cannot help thinking of her. It was after eleven when Capt. S. let us go home. He returned me in safety home & where he took me from. He came in & his reception by Father was vastly amusing. He seems determined on William's becoming my pupil. It troubles me greatly, for indeed I do not feel myself qualified to teach him. Why think! nearly two years at Middleboro' - what can I do with him? I have almost begged of him not to send him, but he only laughs at me. I wish people were aware of just the amount of my available knowledge - It would relieve me considerably - for I don't seem able to convince them that I am not a "walking Cyclopaedia." But I must not linger only to say - that ~~Saturday~~ ^{Friday} night the Capt. brought me a package from Hattie (a N. Peabody present "Dante"). The very author of all the world I coveted. Oh I shall prize it so much. If I only could have Hattie to read with me - my enjoyment would be complete - but she the only one I long for - clinging to soul & body - must not come here & I alas! cannot go to her. Oh I thoroughly despise the mean selfishness that imbues the whole nature of man. Heaven help me - if ever I become the wife of one of one of those animally denominated man! There is a weakness in my character that I despise - but which strong as I deem myself & at times almost established its mastery over me. but I must - I will ramble it beneath my feet. Yesterday the snow fell - & all through last night - it blew - this morning it was very deep. When the shadows of the trees fell across it - the effect was beautiful. I could hardly bear to see footprints made through it. I dare say though by tomorrow when I go out - I shall see the need of paths - if that is all - then not another minute must I spend here - I have ever so many letters awaiting their turn.

157. January 26th Monday - at school. Whole number of scholars two! Last week this was the usual number. I have almost decided to get accustomed to anything in relation to school. Three weeks ago today (Jan. 13th) came on trial. I never felt more uncomfortable in my life. For two weeks he came steadily - but last week he could not get there very well - & today he has not made his appearance - so I hope he is not coming any more. This morning "Paul" called to see if I had any letters to send - I gave him one for Harriet. He is stranger than ever.

Last Wednesday eve - he & G. spent the evening with us. It was eleven when they left. I enjoyed their society much. I do like Gizzie more & more.

Last - or a week ago last Saturday - I went to N. Bedford with Paul - & Hannah G. & Lucie P. - The evening before I spent at his house. I enjoyed my visit at N. B. but it was very short. I had neither eyes nor ears for anyone or anything except Harriet. I believe my life is as much bound up in her - as it is possible for it to be in anyone. Oh! if she could only come here - & stay a while with me, but that cannot be. (Father I suppose is indispensible). I think of her almost constantly - everything I read - or see - or hear - that pleases me throughly in itself I like & her - & in imagination we mutually enjoy it. I never found another like her - probably I never shall - & if she not then my spirit's companion? She is more to me than all my other friends.

Feb. 3rd - I feel strangely today. My head is strangely affected. I wish I knew what the matter was with it. If I fall or strike it - I have a half crazy sensation in it for a long time. I wonder if I shall ever have a well head again.

2/17 - 3/3/57

107

Feb 17th - The weather is very dull - & partakes of its nature, in spite of myself.

March 3rd - One scholar - viz George. "Will" has just been & taken my letters - he is going to N. B. Perhaps to stay. Sunday eve. he made his good by visit. He came to the schoolhouse to get his books. I would ^{have him} like very much to stay at school now. & I think he wants to. But he left two days before I expected him to. But it was on his father's account. Last Wednesday night I spent with Gizzie - Paul was there - & Will came & I am sorry he did - for he enjoyed nothing - neither could he while he staid. I am sure I sympathize with them all. I like "Will" very much. I hope he will be happy in his new situation.

March 8th Sunday eve. Will has just left for the city - on foot. Last night he walked home - stopped here - Father amused & annoyed me - he seems to think no one has a right to speak any thing to me in private. & Will claimed that privilege, therefore he fit with a welcome guest. Mr. likes & dislikes his change of life. But I am almost sure the dislike will wear off.

March 16th - I am vexed almost beyond endurance. Mr. Howland wants to send Edward up here to school for these last three weeks. I suppose I am foolish - but I don't want him, such a changeable ~~school~~ as this has been - during the whole winter. I am sick of the subject - & long most earnestly for the term to close.

I have been reading "Domby & Son". I am sorry it is finished, for it seems like parting with old friends. I like the book much very much. I long to read everything Dickens has ever written.

Last Saturday night - received a paper from Will. So I am not quite forgotten. I hope he will come home this next Saturday night.

But enough - tell I tell in better humor. I am sorry "Domby" is finished - I like Edith. I think her grand - & every character is so natural. I live as I read - I miss the book more than I can tell.

April 1st Wednesday. Only two more days of school.

I wonder if Mr. Grey will come this afternoon. I cannot help dreading it. Last Saturday Hannah's daguerreotype arrived. I am very much disappointed in it. I expected a standing position, but she is sitting - & what is very unnatural for her - laughing. The picture is very soft & clear - In some respects I like it much - in others I do not. The same evening "Will" came home - I was rejoiced to see him. it was very late though - so he could not stop long. The next morning a little after nine he came - Father went to meeting so we anticipated a quiet talk - but Jennie & Mary J. came & put an end to it. He went before they did. I was sorry that they came then. W. is not happy. I don't wonder since he has told me of some matters in connection with his business. I am sorry. In the evening

4/6/57

he called again - on his way back. I do like him very much - if he was my brother I could not think more of him.

April 6th Monday eve. Now for a backward glance - & a rapid one. On Friday school closed - & without the expected visit from Mr. Grey. Instead however - at noon Paul surprised me - by appearing here - & still more surprised me by his looks & manner. I was irritated & when at night he came into school just when I wished no intruders. & - accompanied me home. I was very glad ^{that} Amelia was to stay with me. I had been a little displeased with the arrangement before. Saturday all day I was sick - from having taken a severe cold & no one broke my solitude but Mr. Bricketton - whom I had not seen for a long time. I passed a miserable day - its memory is like a nightmare. Sunday eve - came Paul again - & greatly to my dismay Father went away - I have no doubt my feelings influenced my manners - & I care not if they did - I am surprised at him to say the least. He is one of the strangest of mortals - intensely interesting as a study - but for anything nearer - beware. I hope no reports will reach "Will" at least - not till I have seen him. Oh. where could I not be spared this. I surely dreamed not of it. I long to get away & speedily - I must avoid him - if possible. "April showers are dancing over the roof above me - not very gently however. I hope for sunshine soon." It is a relief to me that school is out - for my nerves are in a weary yet irritated state - & long to change the scene, & must.

May 8th Friday night. Is it possible that five weeks have gone by since school closed! (How true!) and on Monday school commenced again. As I contemplate it - a portion of my old enthusiasm returns to me - my prayer is that it may not desert me. (This has been a vacation to be remembered, as I look back upon it - its appearance is like that of a clouded sky - & the one black cloud frowning everything else into shadow - is Harriet's departure - which must so soon take place. Beyond that I cannot look - I suppose I shall live on - outwardly very much the same as ever - but within? - as a plant in a darkened room - parched & ^{for the} ~~stagnant~~ ^{stagnant} ~~fixed~~ the sunshine - as my spirit will struggle & pine amid this mental darkness - when the my Sun - my hope is gone! Now do I realize what she is to me - Everyone else vanished into insignificance beside her - they are as nothing to me in comparison. Would that I could go with her - most gladly would I. How can I endure these three long lonely years - & when they are ended - what then - Oh - a phantom voice is ever saying in mocking tones - these terrible words - "Henceforth our paths have separate ends, And never can be one again."

What if they should prove true? Oh. God! I cannot bear it. Why must she go - Why must this barrier rise between us - I shall be wild. I think this is but the commencement of a long misery. Why must it - why need it be - Oh. unjust! unjust!

Monday eve. May 11th. Commenced school, this morning, in a more satisfactory frame of mind than I anticipated last night. Oh dear! It seems that it is not enough to bear the great grief of Harriet's departure - a thousand minor difficulties must occur just now. First is "P". It seems there has been a coalition formed in certain quarters during my absence, & last night I realized it to my satisfaction - To think of "P" staying in the parlor & persisting in my staying too. What were Mr. Grey's thoughts - not the most pleasant I fancy. & of the reports? But I care not for them - if I could avoid another private interview with "P". He is nothing to me now. I cannot & will not let his wife - My life course shall not be turned by him - but the dreadful fascination he exerts - (I think suffice for the most appropriate title of all) But he shall be resisted - the "no" shall come. I thought he came while Carl was here - I was thankful not to be alone - & the dark mood he seemed to be in was a relief to me. How will all this end? I ask myself; "All things grow sadder to me one by one"

Tuesday eve. A quiet day, but a restless evening. Just after school I was agreeably surprised by a "call" from "Hattie" - Ellen &c. How natural it seemed - & how "old times" have haunted me since. When a realization of her departure comes over me - I believe I am perfectly insane - Oh! what will become of me by & by? She turned all on faith to me.

Mary Brammer is going to school - at Middlebury - I am so glad what an example to other girls who though surrounded by innumerable advantages, are yet content to walk the earth mere ignoramuses. Success & her happiness also is my earnest wish.

Fears will come in spite of my efforts - Well - let them, they may possibly exert a humanizing influence.

Friday eve. Raining again - It was the same last night. "Morse" & "P". have both been here tonight. Father played for them. I was both vexed & amused at Morse - for he (so unconsciously too) let "P" into the secret of my intended journey tomorrow. Now if I go - I suppose it must be with him. I don't think it will be pleasant however - so I won't borrow trouble. & it I wonder what wonderful intelligence Mad. Beck. has - she is pleased with the mysterious. One week of school is gone - very short it has seemed. Oh. I long to see Hattie so much - I hope for a pleasant day tomorrow - on that account only, I must see her. I must.

June 9th, The "Platina" sailed this morning - I think I ~~realized~~
recognized almost the very moment when she was unmoored from the wharf.
She ~~cast~~ a spell was on me - I saw it all - even her going on board - What I
suffered words cannot tell - but may I never ^{again} experience a similar sensation
Two miserable days have passed since our silent parting beneath the roadside
oaks - "My spirit has gone with her - my present life here has become cheerless &
inanimate - Oh, that I were with her in reality! Oh, that I were!"

My idol - my darling - when on the wide waters shall I seek you tonight?
July 5th Sunday night. Another curious day. This morning "R." came
according to agreement - to extract Hannah's tooth. "Will" accompanied him -
"Will" & I spent the time out of doors while the preliminaries were taking place.
I expected the tooth would be out in a few minutes - but no - nearly two hours of
patient, urging on his part - elicited only a promise from her - that he might
take it out on his return from church. We left then to go home - "Will" remained
some time longer - & "Mae" came in the time - he took a paper & read most
industriously. R. called again on his way to meeting - ~~He~~ with him. But when
he returned then the tooth promise was to be fulfilled. Ch. & I were out by the
door when the operation was performed. It was done well. I was both
pleased & pained. Now for the afternoon - I had considerable writing to do - &
was busily engaged in it, when "R." came again. Did not stay long. Was
succeeded by Mr. Gray. After his departure I finished my writing. I
had a little time for reading - before W. came for the letter. Carl. accompanied
him. After he went - I fell asleep - & was roused by R. & coming. I felt a little
reluctant to say the least. I have then rapidly chronicled the events of
the day. Shall I comment thereon? There had been excitement enough
for comfort - One person - I have been really pleased to see - & but one I miss
"Will". I know he has heard some of the silly reports which are current. But I
hope they will not change him. I do not think he would regard me as he
does "Ch." even if he did believe what is said. But such an event, will never
take place. I am glad to know "H."s letter is safe - but to think Capt. Lake
has gone - almost gives me the horrors. I cannot think of it without a faint-
like sensation. Oh! what a life I am living - what a life I am living!
A part - the best part of myself is gone from me - gone over the blue waters.
When Hannah returns I shall be myself again - but never till then. Oh, a
letter from her would be more to me than ought else except seeing her, my own
my only treasure, none other like her. Love me,

111
Oct. 28th (Wednesday P.M.) I have no heart to engage in anything this afternoon - except to surrender myself to the influence of sad recollections. "What am I so cold hearted!" I ask myself! I know of but one human being in this wide world that I should truly rejoice to see - & that my hearty idol is far away. I love her with all the earnestness of my nature - but of whom else could I say the same - alas! not one! I feel a sense of indebtedness to her -

Bridgewater. Christmas Eve. 1857. Must only my dark moods be re-
on these pages? - I am ~~am~~ sitting here in the Sunset Room alone - and dreading the
moment when the door unexpecting shall admit H. for I long to spend this night
alone with my thoughts; but alas! I cannot. Would I could fly away to
my dear old chamber at home - and remain there alone for the next twenty-four
hours. Oh why need there be these stirrings in my nature, - withering with
their hot breath my generous emotion - making me as repelling as the desert.
It is midnight - I must devote the remainder of time to Latin.

1858. Jan. 8. Friday eve. "Will" is here. I certainly never anticipated a visit from
him here until a few days ago. I knew he was coming. I am glad to see him.
Though I cannot talk with him in quietness, as I wish to - There are many questions I
wish to ask him. . . Well! I shall see him in the morning. He is stopping with Mr. Upton.

Saturday eve. I went to the depot to see W. on his return from B.S. I am
glad he went for many reasons - He has learned something - and then
I suppose I am selfish enough to be glad of my own gain. I shall never
weary of looking at this - though there is something in the expression that fills my eyes ^{tears} with

Jan. 17. I have attended the "New Church" and listened to Mr. Rodman both this
forenoon and afternoon. Now what am I benefitted? If that is a correct explanation
of the marriage in Cana of Galilee - and water is the symbol of natural truth - and the
changing of it to wine - I mean simply the addition of a knowledge of spiritual
truth - and the changing of our outward lives - so that they conform ^{to} blend with the
spiritual or inner life - which is a portion of everyone's nature though sometimes
it is deeply hidden by selfishness & the evil ~~men~~ which attend us. Still it is there
the pure - & from it the Christ principle of our travels into the ^{Cana} ~~Galilee~~ of our outer
& common existence, & when we receive him & understand him - the water is converted
in wine. It is a beautiful figure! Why should it not be true - why cannot
I believe it? Another thing he said seemed like a voice to me. It is this
God gives us only to know the mysteries of himself and the future life - so far
as they conduce ~~to~~ to our good - as far as we can know them and ~~live~~ live - as
he has said "This know & live". Sometimes I feel that I can understand enough
to be happy & "believe". Why need I subscribe to any particular creed on earth.
I see no reason for it. As far as I have examined I see objections to them all.
Then why. If I believe as far as I can - & by relying on a higher power
endeavor to make my life and mind as pure and as useful as I can - am
I not doing my duty - and serving God - as much as though I conformed to
a doctrine I could not understand - and performed ceremonies which gave me
no benefit or comfort? I earnestly wish to know the right and do it.
Perhaps it will all be cleared to me by & by - if I continue seeking & knowing.

Jan. 23. Saturday evening. In my room at Bridgewater. I ~~am~~ ^{am} ~~with the alone!~~ ^{alone!} for
 Dark visions crowd around my soul tonight!
 In vain I cry - "Oh, give me light more light!"
 A cold grey mist hovers o'er the sea of mind;
 Must I go on amid this undefined -
 Vague sense of life? I cannot see the way,
 It's dark and damp and lone, not a star's ray
 Shimmers o'er head for me. Ah! this is night,
 The midnight of the soul; and ere the flight
 Of pale-faced Gloom can greet me - darkest hours,
 More storm-tossed mental waves will try my powers.
 My bark is fragile; will it bear this ~~storm~~ ^{strain},
 And reach the calmer water? - Or - but vain
 To tell the utter hopeless agony
 Of shipwrecked mind, upon this fearful sea -
 Oh, God! More Light! More Light!!

Feb. 25. This is I suppose the last day of my stay in Bridgewater. I am
 sad when I allow myself to think of it. I want to remain at school.
 It is more than a week since school closed - and two weeks last
 Tuesday since I went out of doors; and I have been taking my turn
 at the needle, and very severely did they treat me. I am thankful
 the disease only comes to us once. And more than a week I did
 not sit up - only to have my "bed made" - Oh the sleepless nights - how like
 a nightmare they seem as I think of them now. Yet in one sense my
 sickness has benefited me - it has in some degree calmed my
 mind - and enabled me to think steadily. If it will only continue
 I shall bless these weeks of confinement.

June 28. 1859. Tuesday. P. M. In the front room at Ellen's. " I am a
prisoner within doors, and have been since Friday night. I don't think I shall ever
forget "Rosella" (Isthography - referred to Dr. Bartlett.) But if that was all - I
should not mind - the other troubles me - I cannot tell how much - it is a constant
gnawing care. Never - never was my life so utterly confused as at present - The very
worst time in the past - but one clear path - one beam of light - but now - nothing but
darkness and confusion wherever I turn my eyes. Could this one veil - fast - be whatever
it be denominated - be effectually removed - I could by degrees straighten the other tangled
threads of my existence in something of their wonted smoothness - but until that be done, there
is no other movement for me. " Long ago was it when I made the last entry in
this book - and in a different scene - " I must not make many references to the
past year -

1866 March 25 - Sunday ~~to~~ This morning dawned beautifully - the
twittering of the birds awoke me - and I felt confirmed in my
desire

Andie  - From Richter's Swiss.

One storm followed another, but with warm sunbeams between; then came a dark sky, ~~not~~ heavy with vapors, & suddenly the blind torn away, one tone only, like a beautiful veiled hymn, seemed in plaintive sounds to creep along! Like that of human joy & pain, of prayer & curses, in the same breath, thrown into a rushing stream of sound, he was carried along, overwhelmed, again surprised, again overwhelmed, stunned, overwhelmed, & yet he felt himself free. Like an Epic, the whole of life passed before him; all its islands, & cliffs, & precipices lay open before him. It passed by in the long tones of age, the cradle song, the jubilee of marriage mingled; the same death bell announced both birth & death. He raised his arms to fly, nor his feet to fly hence. He shed tears but hot and passionate, as though he listened to heroic deeds; unlike his gentle nature - he was wholly wild.

The adagio rose like Luna, following the plan. The moonlight of the flute revealed a pale shimmering world - and the accompaniment drew a lunar rainbow of hope over it. As he ^{dried} raised and raised his eyes, he saw the last rays of ^{day} ~~light~~ through the windows of the hall, and it seemed to him as if he felt the sun lingering upon distant mountains, and that he could understand the Heimweh, (homesickness) the eternal longing for their distant home, the Alps, which, as every familiar tone, made the heart of the Swiss rush weeping through the cheerful blue sky, back to the dark & cloudy mountains, but reached it - never! Ah - pure & unspoiled music! how holy is thy joy & thy pain!

a. e) b. d) f. v) c. k) g. j) h. i. o) l. p) m. n) p. q) s. z)

t. y) u) x. w)

Mrs. Capt. David E. Allen.

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Care of Geo. E. Harnum Esq.

American Consul.

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Emma

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Virginia

Chamach

Cary Lane

"Winter." By Lowell.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand summers old:
 In open wold and hill, to fi bleak,
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whiled it like sleet on the wander's cheek;
 It carried a shiver every where
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
 The little brook heard it and

From Goethe's Correspondence &c

Goethe and Schiller were friends, and your friendship was
 based in the realm of the mind: but, Goethe! these affections seem to me exactly like
 the mourning train of a lofty past, trailed through all the dirt of common life."

From Goethe's Convers. with Eckermann

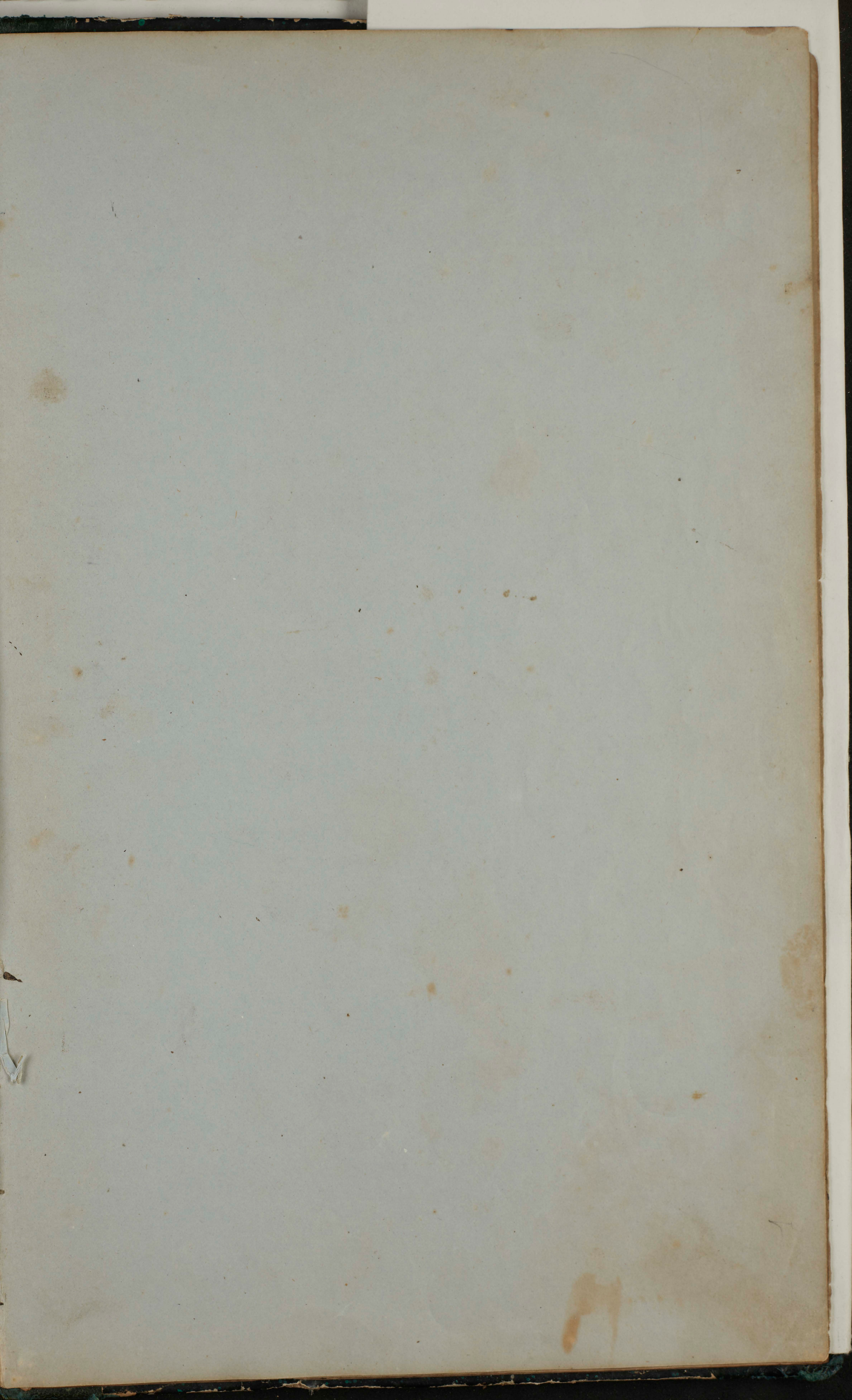
Speaking of Byron - He says -

His fearlessness and majesty must
 cultivate those who admire them. We must be careful not to confine ourselves
 too narrowly to what is moral and decorous. All greatness helps him who
 is able to apprehend it.

Teal - Architecture, frozen music.

It is bad, however, that we are so hindered in life by false tendencies,
 and cannot know them to be false until we are already freed from them.

Experience is only to be gained by doing something which one would not
 willingly have done.



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